TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 5, No. 14 | The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. | TORONTO FEBRUARY 27, 1892. | TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. | Whole No. 222

Around Town.

People who live along the gravel road running between Toronto and Kingston say that tramps travel over it in groups—not in crowds, but as soon as one of them comes, then, for a few days there is a stream of them numbering about a dozen a day. After that scarcely another will pass along for a month, but when he does he proves to be the forerunner of a score of needy, seedy pedestrians. The tramp wave flows and ebbs along that road about three times a year. Now, while this is true, I do not believe that there is any organization among these gentry. A common condition inspires common conduct. They are all similar in being hungry and homeless, in being determined to do no hard work—which means no honest work—and the roving spirit possesses them all so thoroughly that few of them would live a month in beautifully furnished homes if they each drew one in a lottery. Being so similar in habit and having no enduring aim, it happens that numbers of them go east and return west about the same time. I believe they are guilty of no organization or conspiracy more deliberate than that which would inspire three ladies on three streets a mile apart in this town to run to shelter to escape the same thunder shower and save three muslin dresses and three perishable hats. Those ladies may never see or hear of each other in this world, yet a common instinct warns them to go in when it rains. An instinct quite as powerful guides the wandering mortal east at one season and west at another. The old-timer knows where to be in February and where to be in August. He will tell you that it is very hungry walking from this city to Brockville any time between June and the middle of August, but any other time of the year it is not so bad; and that certain points are more generous than others, as though the dispositions of the people were influenced by the locality they inhabit.

***

Countries and cities possess distinguishing characteristics similar to those possessed by individuals. It is more observable in cities than in nations, for a city, being smaller, gives a more pronounced character to its average man. It is stronger again in towns, still stronger in villages, and when we descend to the home we find that place indelibly impressed with the character of its owner. As there are mean men so are there mean towns, and good-natured and hot-tempered, and ignorant and learned and wicked and hypocritical towns. There are towns somewhere to correspond with the various types of man. If we could find the average man of this city, that is, the one whose character is the composite of that of all our citizens and who therefore is Toronto in the flesh, I fancy he would prove to be a good church member, an honest enough chap, but ready to drive a tight bargain in a horse trade or a real estate deal; a pronounced temperance man, always ready to vote and speak for the good cause, but constitutionally afflicted with la grippe and colds in the head for which a quiet hot whiskey is the only remedy, and a very good preventive when taken at intervals, along with a slice of lemon and a wee lump of loaf sugar to kill the taste of the vile stuff.

***

Perhaps this suppositious person would possess a very different character to that with which I invest him, but that does not invalidate the contention that cities are endowed with characteristics like unto individuals. If Toronto is a civic counterpart of a rampant teetotaler with a bad cold in his head and a firm faith in the medicinal properties of hot whiskey flavored wish a slice of lemon, or if it is not like such a man, it still has characteristics that distinguish it. This city is beyond dispute, strong with the instincts of the man who goes out to meet the foreign noblemen who travel about with a performing bear. It has a weakness for specialists in religion, in morals, in medicine and in everything else. When sensational fellows have ceased to be of any account in other parts of the continent some mysterious influence guides them here, and here they abide and are greeted with wild-eyed admiration all the days of their lives. Here the Salvation Army will probably be strong when it is forgotten in England. Sam Small now seems to spend two weeks here and two in the rest of America alternately. Joe Hess, after his first big tour, now makes this his favorite stumping ground, and though he may tear himself away for a month, back he comes and finds Toronto at his feet, for here his prosy story is ever new. Sam Jones, before he finally disappeared, was a distinguished pensioner at Grimsby camp grounds. I speak of none of these people disrespectfully, but merely to point out the interesting phenomenon that worn-out specialists turn to Toronto as a haven where they may spend their declining years—a hospital for diseased reputations and decrepit platform attractions, a comfortable home for incurable sufferers from decayed usefulness. These references are made in legitimate pursuance of my argument and to whittle a dull end into something like a point.

***

It is the same in medicine. Nameless doctors come from nowhere and cure nothing, and yet make a wonderfully good living here. Mesmerists and hypnotists impose upon us, and when the latter science meets with the neglect that eventually overcomes all such fakes its past masters will come here and pension themselves on us. Faith curers and seventh sons of seventh sons constantly demand tribute from our citizens; Big Eliza, the mammoth negress, is a museum attraction nearly the whole year round, and after all these centuries one among us has located the lost tribes of Israel.

***

So it goes. Some distinguished Scottish traveler not entirely disconnected with the sausage industry in his highland home, or some equally distinguished English traveler not wholly dissociated from the brewery trade in his sleepy shire across the sea, comes here and compliments us upon our piety in preserving a quiet Sabbath, and straightway we shoo all signs of enterprise from our Sunday streets and walk miles and miles in hot weather with our tongues out, but feel amply repaid if we win one compliment every two or three years from some passing tourist or immigrant in search of a land grant. It all goes to show that Toronto has a weakness for strangers; that its most striking characteristic is a readiness to permanently support the freaks and fakirs that other cities use for a moment's amusement.

***

Recently I was in a house where a dear friend lay robed for burial. It was a house of sorrow. The grief was of that genuine sort that neither sought nor shunned observation but was wholly oblivious to it. It occurred to me that the presence of strangers profaned the deep and solemn atmosphere of the home and made it seem something like a mockery and a vexation. Why should funerals be public? Why should people come with false faces and talk with artificial voices and make a hypocritical parade of the transient sympathy they feel for the bereaved ones? Is a custom not a bad custom when by its contrivance the people who during a man's life harassed and hated him are allowed and expected to walk up to his casket with a conventional look of sorrow and try to shed a sham tear or two? Often the sincere friends of those who mourn feel a delicacy in obtruding, for they know, however much they sympathize with the living and grieve for the dead, that their grief is as nothing compared with the unalleviated anguish of the chief mourners. One will sit in the stricken house reflecting on the sad case of his friends, but presently finds that his thoughts have drifted by some indefinite preference to his own private affairs, and he is shocked at the shallowness of his nature as revealed in this vagary of the mind. When sincere sympathizers feel their own sentiments to be unworthy of the occasion, how very unworthy and how disfiguring to the scene must be the unmeaning presence of strangers, with that forced sobriety of demeanor and that studied half-whisper in which they speak their idle commonplaces. Every body knows men and women who attend funerals and have a passion for it as strong as that which possesses the stage-struck youth who squanders all his earnings on theater tickets. Such people mislead themselves with the idea that they are showing respect for those who depart and sharing the sad load of those who sorrow. Sometimes and none too seldom they are, or develop into, inquisitive spies upon the domestic affairs of the family they profess to commiserate with, and by means of their long, thin noses fathom to their own satisfaction the grief of every mourner. Afterwards they relate among the neighbors how such an one "took it very badly," while another "never shed a tear and you'd a thought it was an entire stranger lying in that coffin." Busy-tongued fools that embitter life and intensify the pangs of death! I never yet was in intimate relation with the obsequies of a fellow creature where one or more such evil presence did not remind me of and reconcile me to the orthodox belief that there are two compartments in eternity. Custom renders it almost imperative that after the crowd gathers and the newsmongers have taken up observant positions, all the mourners must trail in to view the remains and give a public exhibition of their feelings so that the degree of intensity may be noted. I consider grief too sacred a thing for parade in any prescribed manner and too subtle a thing to be measured and criticized by human observation, however keen and cold the observer may be.

***

Friends and acquaintances who are respectfully invited to attend a funeral do so in large numbers with the best of intentions, but in every dozen who enter the house there is one whose presence is distasteful either because of present or past conduct. This one skims about making himself or herself meddlesome, presuming upon the disarrangement of the family, or sits with hands folded and eyes turned up, yet with the tail of one eye intensely alert to note every expression of countenance on those in the room. Intimate friends alone should enter the house, it seems to me, and if the general public wishes to express respect for a deceased one it should join the procession to the grave. Altogether there is little comfort for the bereaved in all that strangers now do. Even in attending at the grave it generally happens that before two shovelfuls of earth are thrown in upon the casket half the crowd is in motion, scrambling for carriages, and before the small clay mound is troweled off with the sexton's spade, the family and the pall-bearers stand deserted and alone. Better almost that the crowd should not come than that it should show such callous haste to depart, for if the sympathetic presence of a multitude lends strength to the sorrowing, the moment when a new-made grave must be farewelled to is the supreme moment when such helpful presence is required. Private funerals are becoming more frequent, and it is wise and well.

***

Say what you will, politics are pretty strong in this country, as is also true of all countries where men grow to be six feet high and have mothers who can read and write. When men did nothing but herd sheep on the drowsy hillsides and regarded their wives as slaves, politics did not exist; but when that great genius was born into the world who had the magnificent good sense to build a fence around his farm, a new day commenced dimly to dawn. The shepherd lying in the sleepy shade lazily killing grasshoppers with his crook and observing a ewe trying in vain to jump over a brush-heap and who thereupon conceived the idea of a fence, did more for the world than Newton ever did. The jumping of that sheep was more significant in results than the falling of that apple. I do not know who the shepherd was, and have never heard that such a thing happened, but there must have been some such occurrence, else how did the ancients after centuries of sheep herding secure release to pursue other callings? The inventor of the first fence likely started a provision store on the corner of his broad pastures and found leisure to wonder where all the tithes and taxes were going. From that great things have developed and every branch of the human race that amounts to shucks has party politics acute in kind. They are acute enough in Canada just now. When the returns came in from South Ontario and East Hastings the other day, a Grit remarked to me that nothing would dislodge and reform these bribing Tories except another rebellion. He professed to see that there exists an official class interested in defending the administration, a corrupt class ready to be bought by either side, and a protected class ready to buy the corrupt class to support the Government. In the face of these conditions and a voter's list costing millions and embodying complications that vex the very soul of a Grit, he concluded that nothing but a bayonet charge would dislodge the dominant party from the Government benches at Ottawa.

***

Unfortunately, you may notice, by listening attentively between the words of such a man when talking to you, that his chief grievance lies in the disgusting partizanship with which the vote-buying and money-furnishing class adheres to the Tory cause, leaving the virtuous but short-handed Grit party to secure its money from men of inferior means. There is a dim suggestion that if the Grits could only shape things so that they would have the most money, they would guarantee to hold the corrupt Tories down by sheer weight of dollars forever and ever. It looks as though the virtuous party is virtuous because after a gallant struggle it finds itself beaten clean out at every kind of political trick and vice, and there is nothing left but to turn sadly into the path of righteousness. In the small sharpnesses of politics the Grits have never been deficient. In the general election of 1878 the Mackenzie Government had the management of affairs, and in those days deputy returning officers and polling clerks were not allowed to vote. Word was passed along that it was wise to disarm Tories by making them polling clerks, and out in a polling subdivision of Cardwell a prominent member of that party took to the fields the night before election to escape a notice to serve in that capacity. All night long he was pursued, fast and furious, over the steep hills of Albion township, now dodging the enemy through a piece of wood, now lying securely behind a building for an hour, but again detected and forced to fly. He succeeded in eluding capture until after the poll opened and then marched down in sneering triumph and cast his vote, to the chagrin of the disfranchised Grit who substituted him as polling clerk. The woods were full of flying Tories that night, but before another sun was set a different tale was told.

***

The result in West Huron is not very reassuring to the Grit who was already in a vicious humor. Cameron has gone under—has been washed into Lake Huron by the golden torrent that was poured into the riding and whose fury even he could not withstand. To this his defeat is ascribed. It is said immense harbor improvements were promised Goderich, a new postoffice for Clinton, a branch railroad through Wawanosh township and another branch railroad through Ashfield township. The list of promises is necessarily incomplete as yet, but other projected railroads and derricks for loading hay will be heard of as the Grits become heated in recounting the iniquities that defeated them. They are always defeated by iniquity and never by the defects of their candidates or their policy. They are all and always martyrs and injured innocents. Any one of them is liable to be arrested some dark night with a burglar's jimmy in his hand which, in his native simplicity, he had bought supposing it to be a cistern pump. It would be Grit luck to be arrested under such circumstances and to receive a seven years' sentence at hard labor.

***

Hot and furious is the charge that "promises" carried West Huron. With beautiful candor the *World* retorts that "these are the pleasant ways of politicians." Thereupon it points out that on the same day as the Huron election Mr. Harty carried Kingston by means of a promise that in the event of Mr. Fraser's retirement through ill-health the new member would succeed him as Roman Catholic representative in the Provincial Cabinet. Well, politicians are cultivating their pleasant ways altogether too much. Promises are always hanging in festoons from their tongues. It is even said that Mr. Cameron in the general elections was somewhat helped in his campaign by promising that his party would sweep the country, that he would be enrolled in the new cabinet and would use his position to make West Huron blossom like the rose, make water run up hill through all the fairy fields, and create such a harbor at Goderich that vessels

THE BURIAL OF ATALA.

from all the world would come there to taste the ecstasy of an anchorage in so splendid a port. But alas and alas again! Cameron is done for—he of the long and adjustable memory, the inventive mind and fierce tongue! No more will his keen face and apologetic mutton chop whiskers bob up from an Opposition seat to the discomfiture of the Government—no more will his words lash his enemies into a froth of anger and his friends into raptures of pleasure. He has fallen by the way and Mr. Patterson will hold him down by piling postoffices, railway ties and dredgings from the harbor upon him.

* *

The Ontario Legislature is swinging along its silent course bothering no person. If the soldiers would cease gun-firing when it assembles, it might come and go and the ordinary citizen of Toronto would scarcely know anything about it. There is something more creditable than otherwise to the Legislature in the lack of excitement attending its sessions, for it is crooked conduct that brings people about the ears of a Government and if it is let alone it is a pretty good sign. Every time the Dominion Liberals move a little finger one is forced to institute a comparison between their clumsiness and the masterly movements of Oliver Mowat. When one met a reverse in West Huron the other won a big victory in Kingston. In all the weary landscape he is the only figure to which the Reform eye can gratefully turn.

* *

The Dominion Parliament opens this season, it is said, with a Government majority of forty-two and about a dozen bye-elections still to come off. These are all Liberal seats so that the Government can lose nothing and may gain much. This really means that the Conservative party is as firmly on its feet as ever, despite the loss of that great architect of victory whose death was expected to cause party chaos. It is surely a tribute to the colonial incompetence of the Liberal leaders that they make no headway even with King Death for an armed ally; with the census returns for campaign literature, with a hostile American tariff to oppress and disquiet the Canadian people and something of a financial depression to disaffect us with our rulers and their policy. Were the Liberal leaders what they should be, under present conditions they could carry the country with ease. Given the same opportunity Sir John Macdonald would have swept the country, and I am equally persuaded that had Oliver Mowat been leader of the Federal Reformers for the past three years he would at this moment be Premier of the Dominion. But Mowat stands aloof and distant from the group of Jonahs who never travel where the Lord directs, but always turn aside into troublous seas and sail in the teeth of fierce winds that they should properly use to belly out their own canvas and carry their craft to a sure haven. He avoids too intimate association with political brethren whose friendship weakens every man who wins it and whose assistance hampers all whom it undertakes to aid.

MACK.

The Burial of Atala.

The picture that embellishes the first page of this paper may be regarded as one of the lesser masterpieces of the world's art. The scene is from Chateaubriand's almost forgotten idyllic romance, Atala, and the beauty of its treatment will commend the picture to all.

Social and Personal.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday evening at the Church of the Redeemer, Bloor street west, it being the marriage of Mr. J. Stanton King to Miss Etta Florence Jones of California. The church was crowded with friends of the youngcouple, who are well known in Toronto, not a corner being vacant when the bridal party arrived. The bride wore a gown of white *faille francaise*, with yoke and sleeves of rare old lace, and girdle and garniture of pearls, the *tout ensemble* being exquisitely simple and bearing the impress of one of New York's most noted modiste's taste and skill. The bridesmaids, the Misses Nellie and Elizabeth King, wore Jenness-Miller costumes of *eau de nile* and shrimp pink *crepe de chine* and carried bouquets of roses and daisies. A distressing *contretemps* occurred to one member elect of the wedding group, the serious illness of Miss Alison Wilbur of New York preventing her attendance as maid of honor. Dr. Capon acted as best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Walter Cherry of Syracuse, R. Widdowson, Maurice Taylor, George Rose, and Messrs. Ernest Kingsley and Ralph Blackley of Hamilton. The bride, who looked extremely well, was given away by her brother, Mr. Ralph Jones of California. A novel departure was made in the reception being given by the newly married couple at their new home, 142 St. George street, after the marriage ceremony, at which about one hundred and fifty guests were present. The decorations of the mansion were very artistic and elegant and after Mr. and Mrs. King left on the night express for a wedding trip to the south, the guests danced merrily for several hours. Among the beautiful gowns worn I noticed Mrs. Charles Wilbur's of New York. Mrs. Wilbur is a sister of the bridegroom and well became her elaborate robe of white and lavender brocade, trimmed with English violets and grasses; Mrs. King, senior, wore gray silk, real lace and steel trimmings; Mrs. Montague Wilbur of Rochester, a white dress with yellow roses.

*

Senator and Mrs. Lougheed's house-warming, in the form of a ball for which nearly two hundred invitations had been issued, took place on Friday evening, February 12, at Calgary, and was the most successful affair ever attempted in the North-West. The arrangements were so perfect that everyone was sorry when about 2 a.m. carriages began to be announced. Mr. and Mrs. Lougheed received their guests in the magnificent drawing-room and looked the interested host and hostess to perfection. Mrs. Lougheed wore a beautiful gown of black Lyons velvet, court train lined with white silk, and white brocaded silk petticoat, with white feather trimming and diamond ornaments; Miss Ross of Goderich, Ont., was noticeable in a lovely dress of cream *chiffon* embroidered in bronze and pink; Mrs. Lafferty, in a Worth gown of black brocaded silk embroidered with pink daisies, court train, with pink petticoat, looked well; Mrs. MacKid, in black lace; Miss Hogg of Winnipeg wore a cream silk dress, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. H. Hogg, a pink China silk; Miss Pinkham looked unusually well in black lace with pink roses; Mrs. Geanville in shell pink *faille* with embroidered *chiffon* and natural flowers was much admired; Mrs. Costigan, in cream lace; Mrs. Parlow in pale blue looked well, and one heard whispers of "she's the belle," when Miss Jones appeared gowned in jetted lace with yellow flowers. Many other handsome costumes were noticed. It is reported that the senator and Mrs. Lougheed intend to make the ball an annual affair, and certainly their many friends hope they will. Their elegant home, Beaulieu, leaves nothing to be desired; it is to be doubted whe her even in Toronto there is a house so perfect in every respect.

*

Mr. R S. Williams, jr., gave a pleasant At Home at Oak Lawn, Wellesley crescent the other evening. About one hundred and fifty guests were present, numbering many from a distance, among whom I remarked Mr. and Mrs. White of Trenton, Mrs. White wearing a *chic* gown of white silk with pearls and diamonds; Miss Slinger of Manchester, Eng., in pale pink bengaline and chrysanthemums; Mrs. Robert Will'ams of Oshawa, in poppy silk and black lace; Mrs. Williams, the hostess, and mother of the host, wore yellow brocade and lace with diamonds, and his sister, Mrs. Moore, white bengaline with *chiffon* trimmings, white rosebuds and diamonds. Supper was served on *tete-a-tete* tables decorated in yellow, and the evening was a very great social success.

*

Mrs. C. E. Barwick and Mrs. C. E. Maddison are visiting Mrs. M. Kavanagh of 200 Lisgar street, Ottawa. They purpose joining a party for a visit to New York and Washington next week.

*

Miss Dass of Fergus, Ont., is visiting Mrs. W. H. Best of 19 Tranby avenue.

*

Mrs. Judge Dennistoun of 129 Beverley street gave a small but delightful tea on Wednesday of last week.

*

Mr. McCuaig of St. George street gave a euchre party on Thursday of last week.

*

An old land mark of Toronto has been torn down in the demolishing of the Macdonald homestead, corner of Adelaide and John streets, which was built as far back as 1810. Several well known Toronto families have made their home in its sturdy old walls, and many a social and historical somebody has received the bounteous hospitality of Stormont Lodge since those far away ante revolution times when it was one of the few stately homes of Toronto.

*

Miss Roberts of Peter street gave an enjoyable euchre party one evening lately.

*

Rev. George Nattrass, now incumbent of the parish of Kingsbridge, New York, has been visiting his brother, Dr. Nattrass of Carlton street. Little birds have been whispering all kinds of interesting things in connection with the handsome young clergyman's visit, but I am given to understand that their twittering is decidedly premature.

*

Mrs. P. C. Allan, Miss Allan and Mrs. A. J. Ralston of Hamilton left this week for Bermuda, where they will join Mr. Allan, returning in about two months.

*

A most enjoyable progressive euchre party was given last Tuesday evening by Mrs. and Miss Davidson at their residence, corner Bismark avenue and Gwynne street. About fifty of their friends were present. Card playing was followed by dancing until two o'clock.

*

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wellington of Wellesley House, Gerrard street, gave a pleasant card party on Thursday, February 13.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Kleiser of Ontario street were At Home to a large number of their friends on Thursday, February 13.

*

The notice of the Canoe Club dance which I promised last week arrived too late for publication. It would be as well to remind the society people who are so very kind as to inform me of events which I find it impossible to attend, that the society copy should be in my hands on Wednesday to ensure my being able to avail myself of a kindness of which I cannot express my appreciation.

*

The third At Home given by the Toronto Canoe Club at the Academy of Music on February 17, was a pronounced success in every particular. Gilonna's was, as usual, a very fine orchestra, and a set of lancers, composed by the leader and dedicated to the Toronto Canoe Club, was danced and received with enthusiasm. Caterer McConkey provided a *recherche* supper, and the cancelets and their guests enjoyed themselves immensely. A good many strangers were among the dancers. The following gentlemen formed the committee, to whose exertions much praise is in order: Messrs. G. R. Baker, chairman, Fred Woodland, H. R. Tilley, H. B. Musson, Cal. Shaw, Will St. Croix and A. Shaw. Among the guests were: Mr. C. V. Wiune of Albany, N. Y., Commodore of the American Canoe Association; Commodore and Mrs. G. R. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Macpherson, Mr. F. J. Dixon and Mrs. Dixon, Mr. H. Hamilton, Miss Pearsoll, Mr. A. Shaw, Miss Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. W. Kemp, Mr. R. B. Elgie, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Macpherson, Miss Ruth Kendig of New York, Mr. C. W. I. Woodland, Mr. E. J. P. Smith, Miss Orom, Miss Duncan, Mr. T. P. Stewart, Miss Tennant, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. O'Malley, Mr. C. R. and Miss Dent, Mr. Geo. Wilkie, Miss Dill, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sparrow, Mr. J. F. Boxall, Miss Bowdin, Mr. R. H. McMillan, Miss B. McCarthy, Mr. H. A. Sherrard, Mr. R. C. Sinclair, Miss Mullen, Mr. A. E. and Miss Bell, Mr. L. Vanstone, Mr. W. E. Kain, Miss A. Willis, Mr. Geo. McGuire, Mr. E. Lye, Miss Corbett, Mr. Tate, Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray, Mr. Maughan, Miss Pridham, Mr. A. M. Rice, Mr. J. and Miss L. Doran, Mr. A. W. Reid, Miss Dixon, Mr. F. M. Baker, Miss Drew, Mr. J. Noverre, Miss Schofield, Mr. M. F. Lucas, Miss Spink, Mr. Charles and Miss Smallpiece, Mr. Paul Carmichael, Mr. H. Fraser and Miss Fraser, Mr. W. G. Mackendrick, Miss King, Dr. and Mrs. E. E. King, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Iredale, Mr. C. F. Piper, Mr. J. and Miss Sinclair, Mr. W. K. Booth, Miss Macfarlane, Mr. J. E. Firth, Miss Flowers, Mr. D. McCaul and Miss McCaul, Miss Peters, Mr. and Mrs. John Earls, Mr. A. H. Mason, Miss Davidson, Mr. A. Wills, Miss Robertson, Mr. J. Easson, Miss Rogers, Mr. W. J. and Miss Foy, Mr. J. S. and Miss Lightbound, Mr. D. Fleming, Miss B. Peters, Mr. C. Bedson, Miss E. Peters, Miss A. Bailey, Miss Sadd, Mr. G. and Miss Marshall, Mr. R. L. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Lister, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fairbairn, Mr. R. Lovell, Mr. D. Duthie, Miss Morrell, Dr. E. H. Adams, Mr. J. F. Dicks, Miss Fraser, Mr. W. M. Gemmel, Miss Barley and Miss Johnston.

*

Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, who has been an invalid in New York for some time, is after a long and painful illness doing as well as can be expected. Toronto's social and intellectual circles have much missed this bright and clever woman during her enforced absence.

*

Mrs. Justice Burton gave a dinner party on Wednesday of last week in honor of Miss Ramsay of Hamilton. Among the guests were: Mrs. FitzGibbon, Miss McCaul, Miss Campbell, Dr. Crawford Scadding, and Messrs. Darling, Mayne Campbell, Burton and Heward.

*

The Misses Lee of 25 Gloucester street gave a pleasant tea last Wednesday.

*

Mrs. Temple's tea was largely attended on Saturday afternoon last.

*

Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth gives a tea next Monday at her residence on Madison avenue.

*

The Bachelors' ball, which took place on Thursday evening at the Pavilion, was the most *chic* society dance of the season. As it occurred too late for a detailed account, full particulars will be held over until next week.

*

The Hon. Frank Smith of Rivermount gave a dinner party last week to a number of clerical and secular friends.

*

Mr. Duncan Shaw and his bride arrived from Belleville and spent a few days in Toronto last week as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Shaw of Wilton avenue. They left on Monday for Brandon.

*

Mrs. Wm. Nattrass gave a charming tea in honor of her brother-in-law, Rev. George Nattrass, last Tuesday. Among those present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Dunsford, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Col. G. T. Denison, Col. F. C. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Oliver Denison, the Misses Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Ross Robertson, Mrs. Homer Dixon, Miss Wyatt, Miss Hoskin, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. and Miss Wyld and many others.

*

Mrs. Charles Riordan gave a tea last Thursday week at her beautiful home in the Queen's Park. A fashionable lot of people filled the handsome drawing-room of her spacious home.

*

Mrs. Alexander gave a pleasant tea on Thursday of last week.

*

A very pleasant tea was given by Mrs. Bethune on Thursday week for the Misses Angus, who are among our welcome visitors this season.

*

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon, February 24, at Norwood Place, the residence of Mr. John Foster of Bowmanville, when his only daughter, Miss Nellie Foster, was married to James Bray, M.D., of 411 Parliament street, Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. Roberts of Cobourg, an old friend of the contracting parties, in the presence of their near relatives. The bride was handsomely attired in cream bengaline silk *en train*, with brocaded trimmings to match, wearing the customary bridal veil and carrying a beautiful bouquet of Chinese lilies. The bridesmaid was Miss F. Glennie of Oshawa, who was costumed in a pretty cream henrietta and carried a lovely bunch of roses. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. W. J. Bray of Trinity Medical College, Toronto. After the wedding breakfast the happy couple left by the evening express for their home in Toronto. The bride wore a bottle green traveling dress and hat. The presents consisted of many beautiful pieces of silver plate, china, and a thousand dollar bank note, the gift of the bride's father. She brings with her the good wishes of a host of friends to her new home in this city.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Will Park of 208 Sherbourne street gave a little folks' party on Monday afternoon to celebrate the birthday of their two-year-old son Wilfred. Master Perry and Frank Park, Hugh Young, Ernest Hamilton of Peterboro, Gordon, Al and Maggie Campbell, Maud, Claud and Olive Cornish, Mabel and Beatrice Kidner, accepted the little host's invitation and had a right merry time. A handsome memento for each little one was buried in a mysterious sawdust pudding decorated with Chinese parasols, flags, etc., and caused great excitement on being opened. The little folks separated at a seasonable hour, after wishing many happy returns to their young host.

*

One of the pleasantest evenings of the season was spent at Prospect Parlors last Friday evening on the occasion of the third annual At Home of the Ivanhoe Literary Club. The committee, which was composed of Misses Clark, Ring, Linten, Rowley, Taylor, Davis and Messrs. D. J. Taylor, D. H. Swinton, W. A. Rowland, G. A. Pringle, W. J. Malone and W. H. Jardine, deserved the congratulations of all present for the special efforts made by them to see that everyone was cared for and made welcome. The music furnished by the orchestra was very good and they were repeatedly encored. Some of the guests were: Mr. J. S. and Miss F. Hunter, Miss Hambridge, Mr. Jas. S. Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. O'Malley, Mr. C. T. O'Malley, Miss and Miss L. Orr, Mr. Percy Rogers, Miss A. Hardy, Mr. A. C. Winton, Miss E. Taylor, Mr. H. S. King, Mr. A. H. Stuttaford, Mr. C. A. Beswick, Mrs. Jennings, Mr. C. V. Yates, Miss Weldon, Miss Bennett, Mr. H. and Miss Dunning, Miss Allan, Mr. Grange, Mr. S. S. Searle, Miss Day, Mr. H. E. Simpson, Mr. A. Trotter, Mr. R. Groves, Miss Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Clink, Mr. T. Lucas, Miss Taylor, Mr. Robert Burns, Miss Lockhart, Mr. T. Crowley, Miss Dickson, Mrs. McMahon, Mr. W. J. Williams, Mr. L. E. Lawson, Mr. H. C. Arnold, Mr. A. Pullan, Mr. H. S. King, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Johnston, Mr. McConkey, Mr. A. Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Fudger, Mr. C. R. Stewart, Mr. Farley, Mr. T. Lyon, Mr. and Miss Bradley, Miss Henderson, Miss M. Henderson, Miss Dimbleby, Miss Gertrude Dodds, Miss McManus, Miss Miller, Mrs Belfrey.

*

Mrs. and Miss Pearson gave a most enjoyable dance on Monday evening last, in honor of their guest, Miss Ethel Henderson of Perth. Among the one hundred or so of young people present were noticed, the Misses Heward, Crawford, Bostwick, Gray, Loundes, Phillipe, Wilkes, Gale, Lee, Lillie, Wood, Smith, Hughes, King, Hedley, Smart, Dalton, Stephenson, Taylor, Parsons, Miss Henderson of Perth, Miss Brown of Kingston and Miss Shibley of Kingston and Messrs. Cassels, McMillan, Laldlaw, Gray, Loundes, O'Connor, Paterson, Stovel, Maule, Jarvis, Donaldson, Taylor, Peuchen, McDougall, Mitchell, Hulme, Sweatman, Hardy, Haye, Heward, Boddy, Wilson, Muntz, Dupuis.

*

The Driving Club met in the Queen's Park last Saturday afternoon and some stylish turnouts circled round the oval. Miss Cawthra drove a four-in-hand, and Mr. George Beardmore a similar equine arrangement. The club adjourned, as usual, to Griescourt to enjoy the hospitality of Major and Mrs. Foster.

*

Mrs. Campbell of the Queen's Park gave an informal dance on Tuesday evening last.

*

Mrs. Foster of Griescourt gave afternoon tea to a number of her friends on Friday of last week.

*

Miss Cartwright is visiting Miss Hilary.

*

Miss Hendrie of Hamilton is the guest of Mrs. J. D. Hay of St. George street.

*

Miss Lowrey of New York, who has been visiting for some time in Toronto, is now the guest of Mrs. Bristol.

*

Mrs. Davidson gave a dinner party last Monday for Mrs. Richardson, who has been visiting Mrs. Harry Patterson of 14 Brunswick avenue. Mrs. Richardson's charming and intelligent face has been a welcome one in a good many smart society gatherings during her stay in Toronto, and she confesses herself quite charmed with our city and its citizens. Mrs. Richardson has made many friends, who will not soon forget the beautiful New Yorker. She is a graduate of Harvard University, and is in every way a beautiful illustration of American culture and attractiveness. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson returned home this week.

*

Mrs. Bristol has lately given two charming luncheon parties in honor of ladies visiting in Toronto. Our visitors have done much to give a flavor to a reason which promised to be unusually dull on account of the absence or illness of some prominent leaders.

*

The Misses Hughes of Sherbourne street gave an afternoon reception and tea last Saturday, which was very largely attended.

*

Mr. Halse of Brandon, Man., has been visiting in Toronto for the past month. Six feet three in height, handsome and young, Mr. Halse comically deplores the fact that he has to return alone to his bachelor quarters. I notice that he took care, however, not to make this plaintive wail until the very eve of his departure.

*

Mrs. Eby of Bloor street gives a young people's party on March 5.

*

Mrs. Arthur Godson of St. George street gave a beautiful tea on the 19th. Her pretty house was decorated in the most elegant style, and a charming afternoon was spent.

*

Mrs. F. Score of 432 Euclid avenue gives a tea next Wednesday afternoon.

*

Mrs. A. Smith of Jarvis street gave a small luncheon party on Tuesday last.

*

The open day and evening conversazione at the School of Science on Wednesday was very much enjoyed by those present. The very interesting and instructive mechanical apparatus and the cordiality and solicitude of the hosts filled every moment with pleasurable interest.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Shaw of Wilton avenue leave for Brandon next week.

*

The French Club was royally received by Mr.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Suede Gloves for Evening Wear

Ladies' Silk Gloves for Evening Wear

Sole agent in Canada for the Courvoisier "Paris," finest make of Suede Gloves.

Evening Robes, Dinner Toilets, Tea Gowns, Opera and Evening Wraps All Millinery Greatly Reduced

WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King Street East, Toronto

WEDDING PRESENTS!

Fish Sets
Salad Sets
Game Sets
Berry Sets
Pudding Sets
5 O'C. Tea Sets

ELITE LIMOGES

PANTECHNETHECA

116 Yonge St., cor. Adelaide

Shade frames, any size or shape, 50c. each. Instructions how to cover free.

CUNARD LINE

Sailing Every Saturday from New York

UNSURPASSED FOR

Safety, Civility and Comfort

W. A. GEDDES, AGENT

69 Yonge Street, Toronto

HOUSEKEEPERS

TRY

Housekeeper's Brilliantine

THE ONLY

FURNITURE POLISH

That will give a brilliant and lasting polish to Furniture Piano, &c., without labor.

Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cents

CAN BE HAD AT

McARTHUR'S DRUG STORE

230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter

WINTER

TOURS OF EVERY VARIETY

TRANS - ATLANTIC

RATES REDUCED

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Gen'l Steamship and R. R. Agency, 72 Yonge St., Toronto

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

BERMUDA

Sixty hours from New York, THURSDAYS

BARBADOS

Trinidad and West Indies, SATURDAYS

ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary Quebec S.S. Co., Quebec

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto.

FINE CUTLERY

Ivory and Pearl Handle Dessert and Fish Eating Sets

CARVERS IN SETS AND CASES

RICE LEWIS & SON

LIMITED

Cor. King and Victoria Streets - - - - TORONTO

GOOD FORM SERIES

1. CARDS.—"The most useful and sensible little volume on card etiquette that has as yet made its appearance."—*Woman's Cycle.*
2. DINNERS.—Ceremonious and Unceremonious, with the Modern Methods of Serving them. "A little volume noticeable for the just appreciation of the Art of dinner giving and for sound common sense regarding the proprieties thereof."
3. MANNERS, GOOD AND BAD.—This little book contains a wealth of useful hints as to what people ought to avoid in social life. Full of suggestive information for even the best bred people.
4. LETTER WRITING, ITS ETHICS AND ETIQUETTE.—By the Rev. Arthur Wentworth Eaton. A complete and thorough treatise upon the subject by an entirely competent authority.

Each 1 vol., 16mo, cloth, with neat stamping in gold. Price, each 75 cents.

JAMES BAIN & SON, SOCIETY STATIONERS, TORONTO

Fashion's Fancies.

VERY beautiful foretaste of the summer's styles is found in the arrivals of *crepes* and cashmerettes which some of our merchants are showing this week. I saw a delicate costume in *café au lait* wool *crepon* with an embroidered border in delicate pale blue, gray, white and pink, in a design of flag lilies and leaves. The daintiness of this gown needs to be seen to be appreciated. Embroidered or woven borders are a strong feature of the new spring gowns. Another gown of *vieux rose* which I hope some one will buy for a wedding, particularly took my fancy. It was of cashmerette, with a lovely embroidered border, and in the picture made a very graceful effect, as well as being a delight for such soft material.

The newest French delaines are more conventional in design than those at first noticed. I saw one beauty in an uptown shop yesterday. It was rather a pronounced cream ground with a conventional design alternating with a single spray of rose tree foliage in the faintest and most harmonious tints imaginable. As I predicted, the true lover's knot and wreath of flowers is being duplicated, *ad nauseum*, on every style of cheap goods, prints, challis and ginghams, from ten cents and upwards, therefore it behooves her who would be original to select her patterns with great discrimination if she ventures on a couple of French delaines.

The open jet bonnets seen in the Paris fashion books have been shown for the past week in that stylish little window on King street east, which always attracts the notice and stays the steps of fashionable novelty hunters.

I saw a lovely little dress, which was made for a charming lady visitor to Toronto for the Bachelors' ball, last Thursday. It was canary color, deep and rich; the gown was of faille and the simple but rich garniture of embroidered *chiffon* was draped *en cascade* down the back of the skirt, with a very graceful effect. The bodice was pointed and laced behind, and the whole costume was much admired.

There are handkerchiefs for use and handkerchiefs for ornament. Of the latter there is the greater variety. The silk *crepes de chine* with round corners are very pretty. The corners as a rule are just outlined with a darker shade of silk than the handkerchief. Light pink and blue handkerchiefs of *chiffon* embroidered in white silk are a novelty. One of the daintiest handkerchiefs is white *chiffon* embroidered in silver. Another pretty one was yellow *chiffon* embroidered with gold thread. White hand-blocked handkerchiefs are used for mourning, also black *crepes de chine* embroidered in white. Exquisite handkerchiefs are almost entirely of embroidery. They are more in vogue now than those of lace.

Apropos of the trailing skirt, Marie Bashkirtseff wrote in her childish diary that she thought it would have been a good plan for Dante to have had trained dresses as one of the tortures of the Inferno.

It is no easy matter to make a wedding-dress for a lady with a thirty-two inch waist. A few dressmakers, however, manage to do it. The dress I am now going to put before your mind's eye was gray brocade, with a floral pattern running in stripes—you are well aware that stripes give height to the figure—and was made with a redingote of bengaline fastened in straight lines to the edge of the dress and fastening in front with cut-steel buttons. There was not a wrinkle anywhere, and the only trimming on the front of the dress was a ruche of silk. The bodice was softened with a jabot of gauze at the neck. I think the lady showed good sense in choosing to be married in a dress of this kind. Another gown was black satin, trimmed at wide intervals in front with narrow stripes of jet. It had two bodices. The one for evening wear was cut square in front and V at the back, and was outlined with jet. It had a lace vest and loose open sleeves, falling in a point just over the elbow, frilled with lace. The day bodice had no trimming, and was fastened down the front and at the wrists with small jet buttons.

Crepon seems to be the favorite material for inexpensive bridesmaids' dresses. A pretty dress that I saw at the same place as I saw the dresses for the stout lady was of mauve *crepon*, with a full bodice made to fit inside the skirt, trimmed round the collar with a line of jet, and having a bow of gauze in front and ruffles of the same stuff at the wrists. The skirt was outlined with a line of jet, and had a frill of its own material and a band of black velvet at the top, which made a pretty finish to the bodice. The best dressmakers are going to "drop" the ribbon corselets with long floating ends at the back. They have become very common.

LA MODE.

The River Ghosts.

For Saturday Night.

There is a gleam of whiteness o'er the land,
A moan of sorrow in the shifting winds:
Pale winter scatters with his icy hand,
His frozen tears upon the and and silent earth.

Chill evening falls, and down the winding shore
Dark shadows creep and chase the waning light;
Keen, searching breezes with increasing roar,
Wreak their mad vengeance on the snow-wrestled rocks.

Like shrouded ghosts, the twisted, ancient forms
Of fallen monarchs of the forest wide,
Raise their white hands and scorn the driving storms:
Grim, fitting spectres for the gloom-wrapped night.

Silent they stand and guard the river's course,
Nor fear the storm-clouds low that o'er them sweep;
Unmoved they gleam, and like the storm-clouds' force
They lose their horror in the smiling spring.

BERT KELLY.

Before Dinner.

Colonel Denvir (who has devoted his life to the mines)—What did you say this bottle was called?

Banker Vignette—Eighteen-forty sherry and Trinidad bitters—just for an appetizer, you know.

Colonel Denvir—Well, you go right in an' get down an' I'll be there in a few minutes. Your dinner smells so good that I want to give it a fair show.

At the Matinee.

Scene, city theater; time, 2.30; dramatis personæ, the audience.

First Female (as baritone begins)—Say, Em, shall I offer to play his accompaniments?

Chorus of Females—Te-he-he-he.

Girl in the rear (just arrived, to next neighbor)—Well, you see, my friend asked me to come with her and got tickets for both of us in the twenty-five cent seats and was to call for me, but I waited and waited and as she didn't come Ma said I had better start or I would be late, so I came alone and had to buy my own ticket. Now I wonder if she changed the two seats for one fifty cent one alone. What do you think?

Neighbor (to herself)—I would have in her place. (To girl), I don't know. It is not unlikely.

Pretty Girl (to friend)—My dear, I looked round and I'm sure that man in the back thought I was smiling at him. There, look, horrid thing. He's looking straight at us.

Friend *(sotto voce)*—Query: Why does she look round? (Aloud). Well, you look quite sweet. I don't wonder he admires you.

Pretty Girl—Oh, do I? Is my hat on all right?

Damsels behind (afflicted with a visiting list)—First damsel: Oh, Amy, do look at Mrs. Brook, no not there. Look where I'm staring. Yes, right up in the front of the gallery. She's got Beryl with her. Dear little soul in her white cloak. What a sweet woman Mrs. Brook is. They say, you know, that she and her husband fight like cat and dog and that he is never sober. Isn't it awful?

Second Damsel—Yes, indeed. Oh, there's that Miss Jones, the tall one who is engaged, they say, to Mr. Robinson. I don't think she is pretty, do you? I don't see what there is in her to rave about. Oh, she's bowing. (Bends graciously.) I was quite afraid she wouldn't see us, weren't you?

Male Voice (softly modulated)—You know I would if you were going.

Girl (to herself)—I wonder if he knows how freckled his nose is.

Inevitable Baby—How-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ya-ya-ya-ya-ya.

Distracted Mother—There, there, there, hush, hush! Poor baby!

Baby (in language *a la* Volapuk, meaning, "there yourself")—Ow-ow-ow-ow-he-he-he-he-ha-ha.

Murmur of Audience—Why can't people leave babies at home when they come to the theater?

(Exit of distracted mother with olive branch. Peace and harmony reign.)

Male Voice (complacently)—Why, I went down town this morning and wrote fifteen letters right off, I've no stenographer you know, and then tumbled on a western car and went out to see a fellow and got back only in time for this thing, without a bit of lunch.

Sympathetic Female Voice—How hard you men do work!

Countrified Female (audibly)—Oh, now, ain't he just cute, and I'll bet you the gentleman over there is his pa. Well, what a pretty color that girl has, to be sure. And yet they say the city is unhealthy. Well, well.

City Friend (to all whom it may concern)—She's innocent. Ain't she now?

He (hard up for a subject)—Do you skate Miss Brown?

She (regretfully)—Well, no, I don't.

He—Lord! What'll I say next? (To girl) I daresay you are fond of dancing? Most ladies are.

She—No o. (Brightening up) But my sister can dance the lancers.

He—Oh!

Curtain.

All—A delightful play wasn't it? I do so enjoy going to the theater.

Myself (to myself)—Was the comedy on or off the stage?

MOLLIE MOORE.

Suggested by a Recent New York Incident

Suspended from his club.

The Heroine of the Telegraph.

In the Franco-German war of 1870 the Uhlans in particular played havoc with the French wires. On arriving at a village they would ride up to the telegraph office, cut the connections, and carry off the apparatus, or else employ it to deceive the enemy. They were outwitted, however, on one occasion, and by a woman. Mlle. Juliette Dodu, a girl of eighteen, was director of the telegraph station at Pithiviers, where she lived with her mother, when the Prussians entered the town. They took possession of the station, and, turning out the two women, confined them to their dwelling on a higher floor. It happened that the wire from the office in running to the pole on the roof passed by the door of the girl's room, and she conceived the idea of tapping the Prussian messages. She had contrived to keep a telegraph instrument, and by means of a derivation from the wire was able to carry out her purpose. Important telegrams of the enemy were thus obtained and secretly communicated to the sub-prefect of the town, who conveyed them across the Prussian lines to the French commander.

Mlle. Dodu and her mother were both arrested, and the proofs of their guilt were soon discovered. They were brought before a court-martial and speedily condemned to death, but the sentence had to be confirmed by the commander of the corps d'armee, Prince Frederick Charles, who, having spoken with Mlle. Dodu on several occasions, desired her to be produced. He inquired her motive in committing so grave a breach of what are called the "laws of war." The girl replied, "Je suis Francaise" (I am a Frenchwoman). The prince confirmed the sentence, but, happily, before it was executed the news of the armistice arrived and saved her life. In 1875 this telegraphic heroine was in charge of the post-office at Montreuil, near Vincennes, and on the 15th of August she was decorated with the Legion of Honor by Marshal MacMahon, president of the republic.—*Chambers's Journal.*

In Mexico.

The dago—Senor buy burro? Sells cheapeta. Tourist—Much obliged, but I've got about all I can carry already.

After the Refusal.

He (bitterly)—You are utterly heartless! I might possibly imagine you engaged, but not by any possibility in love.

She—Really? How curious! Now, do you know, I can easily imagine your being in love, but in the wildest stretch of fancy I cannot imagine your being engaged.

Evidently Unreliable.

Mr. McSlugger (hotly)—Phwat for d' yez make thim lyin' cartoons av th' campaign in Oirland?

Cartoonist—These, my friend, are not cartoons but photographs. I took them myself.

Mr. McSlugger (meditatively)—Oi'll bet the camera wor made in England.

"Well, little boy, what's your name?"
"Shadrack Nebuchadnezzar Jones."
"Who gave you that name?"
"I don't know. But yer bet cher life if I find out, when I gets me growth they'll be sorry for it."

The Pacific Coast.

One of the marvels of the age is the cheap mode of everyday travel, and foremost in promoting such is the Canadian Pacific Railway. At the present time they are running regularly attractive trips to all points on the Pacific coast, which for convenience and comfort excel anything of the kind before attempted. The C. P. R. knowing well the tedium of long distance railway traveling, have sought to their utmost to alleviate the discomforts of the journey, and judging by the reports of persons who have already traveled over this route they must feel highly gratified by the success with which their efforts have been crowned. An inspection of the cars provided proves them all that can be desired. They are high, airy and well ventilated, being built specially for this service, and are under the immediate control of an intelligent porter. Particulars as to dates of running these excursions will be found in our advertising columns, but any of our readers wishing for further detail should call at the C. P. R. offices, 118 King street west, where books, pamphlets and every information possible will be gladly furnished.

PALMS PALMS

The favorite plant for table and parlor decorations. Fine healthy plants from $1.00 up. Palms two feet high for $2.50 Having imported a very large stock of Palms, we are able to sell them at a much cheaper rate than ever before offered in Toronto. Also

Choice Roses, and all other seasonable flowers always on hand. Bridal Bouquets and Wedding Decorations a specialty. Floral Tributes of all kinds made on short notice.

S. TIDY & SON, 164 Yonge Street

Conservatories and Greenhouses—477 and 490 Ontario Street, Toronto.

DANCING

Prof. Davis

Author, Composer Publisher and Teacher

Academy, 102 Wilton Ave.

TORONTO.

Author of "The Modern Dance Tutor" and the following Society dances: "Jersey," "Rippleta," "Bronco," "Walkaround Minuet," "Polka-Polonaise," "Bon-Ton" (2nd part), &c. Composer and Publisher of Music (piano) for these and other standard dances. Music can make at reader stores and at the Academy. Prof. Davis teaches the Delsarte system of Æsthetic Gymnastics, Harmonic Poise of Bearing, Grace of Motion, etc., producing artistic dancing. Class or private instruction. See circular or call for terms.

Armson & Stone.

MR. ARMSON will return this week from Europe, and before this reaches the printer's hand many cases of

New Spring Dress Goods, Tweeds, Jackets and Ulsters

will be marked off and ready for early purchasers. We are ahead of time this season.

212 YONGE STREET

KINDLING WOOD FOR SALE

Thoroughly dry and delivered to any part of the city or any part of your premises at the following prices (cash when delivered), viz.: 2 crates for $1; 13 crates, $8; 52 crates, $3. A crate holds as much as a barrel. Send a post card to HARVIE & CO., 30 Sheppard Street, or go to your nearest Grocer or Druggist and telephone 1970.

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

ALMOST more important to consider flannels on the nearing of spring than in midwinter. The chill winds of March are trying on the hardiest constitutions; proper flannel garments go a long way to prevent trouble that is apt otherwise to come on many.

Gray Flannels, 10c., 12½c., 15c., 20c., 22½c.
Scarlet Flannels, 11c., 12½c., 15c.
Saxony Flannels (white) 20c.
Opera Flannels, 25c.
Cashmere Flannels, 6½c., 7½c., 8½c.
Shirting Flannels, 25c.

Do you know that a pretty dress for the little ones is made from wool tartans and Salisbury flannels? They look cute in these bright colors—25c. yard.

All go together, so far as section of store is concerned, flannel goods and tweeds. We've never been known to sell cloths that cannot be relied upon. Tweeds or serges, of which we've a word to say, are dependable in quality.

Navy Blue Serges, 20c., 22½c., 25c. yard.
Navy Blue Serges, 30c., 35c., 40c.
Tweeds, extra value, 50c.
Mantle Cloths at special prices.

We'd be glad to have you, if residing out of town, drop postcard for samples of any of these lines—flannels or tweeds. We're sending goods to all parts of the Dominion through the medium of our mail order department.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.

Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

N. German Lloyd Co.

SHORT ROUTE TO LONDON AND CONTINENT

Fast express steamers bi-weekly.
MEDITERRANEAN LINE
Fast express steamers bi-monthly.
Clyde built ships. Palatial equipment.
WINTER RATES NOW IN FORCE.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent
72 Yonge St., Toronto

Noted Beauties of San Francisco

WITH

Glorious Hair
Peachy Complexions
AND
Superb Figures

Have gratefully thanked

Mrs. Gervaise Graham

FOR

Her Various Aids and Preparations

By using Shampoo Powder Dandruff Cure and Hair Vigor. Woman's Crowning Glory has indeed become a "glory" to them. Face Bleach and Jasmine Essence have given them a skin of satin-like texture, while the STOUT have become graceful and the THIN have assumed rounded, plump, symmetrical outlines by taking Mrs. Graham's sensible, scientific methods of physical culture, including Delsarte system with pocket gymnasium.

Ladies are invited to call at Mrs. Graham's New Branch Establishment, 3 King Street East, Toronto, or to send stamp for book, "How to be Beautiful."

LADIES

ASK FOR

BARBOUR'S

LINEN THREADS

The Best for All Purposes

Sold by All Dealers

MADAME IRELAND'S

Herbal Toilet Soap

The *Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal* of December 1 says: "Madame Ireland's soap, which is now being introduced in Canada, possesses all the characteristics of a perfect non-irritating detergent. It possesses special medicinal properties which render it very useful in some cutaneous affections. It is offered exclusively through the drug trade.

Canadian Domestic Employment Agency

393 Yonge Street

Situations out of the city promptly attended to.
Ladies' work emporium in connection. Orders taken for Preserves, Condiments, Pickles, etc. Endorsement: Lady Macpherson, Chestnut Park; Mrs. Boddy, St. Peter's Rectory, Winchester St.; Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto, Rev. D. J. Macdonell, Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony. London, England, Agency, 334 Strand.

Kumiss Face Cream

FOR THE

COMPLEXION

SEND 10 CENTS FOR SAMPLE

1408 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Standard Bone Dyed

"UNEQUALLED"

IS THE VERDICT

OF

All Those Who Have Used the

STANDARD DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them

They are the Best

SOLD BY

All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

Why Go Bald

When you can procure such pretty

Wigs, Bangs, Water Curled and Wavy Fronts

or other suitable coverings.

DORENWEND

has the largest and most select stock to choose from in Canada, at prices to suit the times.

A. DORENWEND

Paris Hair Works, 105 Yonge Street

LADIES DON'T WEAR CORSETS BUT FOR COMFORT, BEAUTY and HYGIENE

TRY

Equipoise Waist

ALSO

Jonness Miller Patterns

MADE ONLY BY

The American Corset & Dress Reform Co.

316 Yonge St., 3 doors below Edward St., Toronto

DRESSMAKING

Evening Dresses and Riding Habits

ALSO

Cutting and Fitting Dresses and Mantles

Dressmakers' Magic Scale for sale

With lemons or without.

Order Corsets to Measure

In any style. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MISS CHUBB

356½ YONGE STREET

Just south of Trinity Square.

DRESSMAKING

LATEST FASHIONS IN

Evening Dresses
Morning Jackets
Tea Gowns

Stylishly made. Perfect fit.

Moderate Prices

DRESS CUTTING

Taught daily — orally or through mail—by our

New Tailor System

Choice Winter MILLINERY in Stock

Established 1860

J. & A. CARTER, 372 Yonge St. - Toronto

MISS PATON, whose rooms are filled with the latest designs in street and evening costumes, has received a consignment of Paris novelties and models of handsome costumes for winter wear. Ladies will find a variety to meet every occasion, and good fit and work guaranteed.

Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

Toronto Business College

Deserves the patronage of every young Lady and Gentleman. It has placed thousands in lucrative positions.

Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Etc., Etc.

Enter now. Write for catalogue to—

J. M. CROWLY, Principal

3 Shuter St., cor. Yonge, Toronto.

Miraculous Water

IS USED

FOR

Removing Pimples, Blotches, &c., and for beautifying

THE COMPLEXION

Ask your druggist for it, or send to

P. BRUNET, 31 Adelaide St. West

RUMOR HAS IT

That a Cyclone Struck

George McPherson's

At 186 Yonge Street

WELL, IT HAS! AND IT IS A

Whirlwind of Bargains During Alterations. Every Shoe Marked to Kill, to Effect a Speepy Clearance

George McPherson, 186 Yonge Street

Three Doors North of Queen

CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &c., &c.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXV.

Mrs. Strangways had gone back to Clarges street, accompanied by the faithful Dyne, and most unfeignedly glad was her husband. He had seen but little of her during her sojourn in Kensington, and unattractive as Rebecca was in many ways she possessed the admirable faculty, which many a wiser woman lacked, of making the place where she dwelt "home" and herself the ruling spirit thereof. Nothing was the same while she was absent. Mr. Strangways missed her at every turn. She suited him, and, depend upon it, that is the one thing essential to married life. A man soon grows tired of a pretty face, however pleasing; the eye accustoms itself to charms of person and expression, until they are no longer recognizable, but the woman who studies her husband's tastes, and lays herself out to please him, binds him to her by the very closest of ties, and establishes a claim upon him that will never be weakened. Nor is the reason far to seek: she appeals to the inherent selfishness of his nature, and in so doing wins his heart. He needs her, and learns to rely on her ready sympathy and companionship. She is his second self, part and parcel of his being, and he knows that she will never fail him.

Something of this dawned upon Constance as she watched the meeting between husband and wife. Mr. Strangways had never been a demonstrative man, and after the many years of married life which he and Rebecca had spent side by side rhapsodies would have been out of place, but his eye rested on her with the tenderest devotion, and there was a settled look of contentment on his face that spoke more plainly than words could have done of his joy at her return.

"That is a love any woman might be proud of winning," Constance told herself, "and yet Rebecca is not a woman whom one would expect to inspire devotion in a man. She is brusque in her manner, there is nothing soft or womanly about her, but she makes him a good wife and he appreciates her at her true value.

She sighed. Her own marriage had been such an utter failure, and she was more than half inclined to reproach herself for a good deal of the wretchedness.

"I was not wise. I exacted too much. I am afraid that I showed too plainly that my love for him no longer existed, an't yet, God knows, I really cared for him when we were first married. He weaned me from him. A woman cannot go on loving a man whose every action proves him mean and contemptible," and not the memory of Cyril Armitage's suspicions of her own unfaithfulness, she colored hotly.

"What had I ever done to merit such insults?" she said pitifully. "But I ought never to have left my home; I can see that now. Not even at his bidding. In the eyes of the world I should merely have seemed the guilty creature he said I was. I must have been mad. It seems like a dream now."

And then her thoughts centered themselves on Basil St. Quentin. What was the reason of his long silence? It was unlike him. Her lip quivered and her eyes filled with tears. "I am a lonely woman, and I have no friends," she reflected sadly. "The fault must be in myself, I fear. People do not take to me."

Slumberous August had given place to golden September, and that in its turn had waned, and October was now far advanced. Life flowed on uneventfully enough in Clarges street. The anniversary of Cyril Armitage's death came and passed.

"You will lighten your mourning, Constance! No one wears weeds longer than a twelvemonth," remarked Rebecca, who dearly loved to be correct in all things, even to the width of a hem or the stitching of a handkerchief.

"Is it worth while?" Constance asked listlessly.

"Of course it is," briskly. "You ought not to wear crape a day longer. It makes you look older, I think. You are changed, poor child, how, and I believe you are thinner than you were."

Constance did not answer. She really felt no interest in her appearance or her personal adornment. She had never cared about dress, and now less than ever.

"I am an old woman," said Rebecca, regarding her critically. "Although we are sisters and I may be presumed to know more about you than anybody else, you often puzzle me."

Constance knew that she was tacitly returning to Lord Hardstock though she had not actually mentioned his name. It angered her to feel how anxious Rebecca was that she should make a second marriage.

"It is a matter that concerns myself and no other living soul. I am certainly quite old enough to know my own mind, and I absolutely decline to be coerced or even advised on the subject," she reflected with a look of annoyance. She was determined that he should not be discussed, and adroitly turned the conversation, displaying an anxiety and eagerness about her wardrobe that she was very far from feeling.

"I believe I am growing a regular old frump," she said with a laugh. "The first time you go out, Rebecca, you shall drive me to Wimpole street, and we will interview Madame Eugenie, and she shall make me a new dress."

Mrs. Strangways took great praise to herself that she had roused her sister to a proper regard for appearances.

"She just shuts herself up with that troublesome child, until, upon my word, there will be no getting her out of her shell at all presently. It is not good for her, and she won't do it either. A young and pretty woman leading a nun's life—it is unnatural. She has got into a morbid state, and wants shaking up, and I am just the proper person to do it.

Rebecca felt she could fight valiantly in a good cause.

But it was very difficult to persuade Mrs. Armitage to go into society. To please Rebecca she accepted one or two invitations, but she was not happy.

"I seem to have outlived all that sort of thing," she said to her sister. "I had much rather have been at home with Eva."

But that was exactly what Rebecca complained of and was resolved not to allow.

"My dear Constance, every one seemed so pleased to see you, I don't know what more you could expect or wish for."

So she yielded, and to please her sister accepted an invitation to dine at Dr. Harcourt's. And there she really did find amusement and spent a pleasant evening. The kindly doctor scolded her for not having been to see them before.

"Eleanor would be so pleased if you would come sometimes," he said.

"Indeed, it is from no want of kindly feeling either to you or your daughter," returned Constance, "but West Kensington is a long way off, and I rarely pay visits except to my sister."

"She ought not to be such a recluse," said Rebecca, who had caught a word or two. "Talk to her, doctor, she is very obstinate and will not listen to me."

"Mrs. Strangways was always much fonder of society than I. Having lived so long in the country has something to do with it, I dare say, but I confess I feel out of my element in crowded rooms," smiled Constance.

"Come and dine quietly with us sometimes, that is all I ask," said the doctor. "I can fully sympathize with your dislike of the form of entertainment one is invited to nowadays. Fuss and glitter do not commend themselves to me any more than to yourself. There is a hollow insincerity and love of display and show that is eminently distasteful, but since you must eat your dinner somewhere come and join us now and then."

"Thank you, I will." Constance spoke heartily, and made up her mind to see more of the doctor and his daughter, for they were simple, unaffected folk, although Dr. Frobisher was a very popular man and ranked high in his profession. Christmas was near at hand, when a letter from her brother-in-law upset all Mrs. Armitage's plans.

Gerald wrote begging that she would pay them a visit.

Daphne had made some most undesirable acquaintances, and—"I seem to have lost all influence over her," he said. "You are the only person who can control and guide her. She would always listen to you. I dread to think what the consequences may be if this intimacy is not put an immediate stop to." He mentioned no names, and Constance was quite in the clouds as to what was the nature of the danger he apprehended. But that it was very real and might even be serious she could not fail to glean from his urgent letter, and felt that if it could be possibly arranged she ought to go. But it was awkward.

Mrs. Strangways would be extremely annoyed. In an unlucky moment she had agreed to go to Clarges street on Christmas Eve and remain until after the New Year, and ever since she had made the promise she had regretted it, for Lord Dyne had given her to understand that Lord Hardstock was to spend a few days there, and she felt that she had been cheated and tricked. Her sister knew perfectly well that of her own free will she would not be thrown with Lord Hardstock for any length of time, and in arranging this visit Constance could not but feel that she had a motive and was playing into his lordship's hands. But although when she read her brother-in-law's letter she was almost as angry as a child at a whipping, that she had a legitimate excuse for breaking her agreement, she dreaded telling Rebecca, for she knew how very wrathful she would be. Rebecca had never been so nonplussed in her life. Indignation kept her tongue-tied. It was a good deal as Constance had guessed. She had, out of pity and compassion for Lord Hardstock, invited him to remain over Christmas beneath their roof, and thus given him a chance to speak to her, and the disappointment and chagrin in store for him weighed heavily with her own annoyance.

She could not accuse Constance of any wish to evade her hospitality, for she had seen a part of Mr. Armitage's letter, and knew that it was *bona fide* enough; besides, Mrs. Armitage never condescended to those little meannesses. She would have said "No" in so many words had she not wished to go. And of course Mrs. Strangways never supposed for an instant that Dyne had betrayed her plans in reference to Lord Hardstock. There was nothing to be done but to put a good face on the matter.

"I do think it too bad," she cried indignantly. "So near to Christmas, and when everything was settled. It is a horrible time of year for travelling, herself is never well, never thinks of that. He is far too engrossed with his own selfish wishes to remember your comfort. Why on earth did he marry that little Will o' the Wisp, if he hasn't got enough to exert some sort of authority over her? I call it rank folly to go over to Paris, but of course in such weather she will insist upon it. Yes, Constance would do that, and she elected to go.

One thing she did ask at Rebecca's hands. "Poor little Eva will be so dull and lonely without me; will you let her and Miss Baillie come for a few days?" she said.

And with somewhat mixed feelings Emily found that it was arranged that they were to go to Clarges street on Tuesday night and remain until Saturday or Monday, as they felt inclined to refuse, or take a holiday on her own account, where she would be free to do as she liked, and might see more of her lover than she could hope to do in Clarges street, but Eva confided the fact that Lord Hardstock was going to stop at Aunts Reb's, she had told her so, and promised to show her some juggling tricks, and after that Emily came to the conclusion that if there was any chance of Rupert remaining under the same roof with herself, her wiser course was to go to Mrs. Strangways.

She did not dare to make inquiries as to the extent of Eva's information, but—

"If he told the child so, I expect it is true," she thought. "I'll take my chance at all events."

So she listened to Mrs. Armitage's instructions about what Eva was to wear and received her orders respecting the servants amicably enough, and even offered to help Constance to pack, an attention which was refused. Constance would take but little luggage with her, for she hoped she would be home again by the end of a fortnight at la'est.

This time she sent no friendly little missive to her old friend, to prepare him for her coming visit.

"No," she said, "since he has not chosen to answer either of my letters it is impossible that I can write again.

But she knew that she would see him, and the knowledge brought a glow to her heart and a springiness to her step, and sent her with a sort of suppressed excitement and eagerness to make her preparations.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Perhaps Daphne was not quite so cordial in her welcome as on the last occasion of her sister in-law's visit.

She did not know until the last moment that she was coming. Gerald was nervously afraid that she would guess what had brought Constance over. Let willful Daphne once suspect that she had come to further Gerald's schemes and separate her from her new friends, and there would be war to the knife.

"In that case it would have been infinitely better that she had never left England," reflected Mr. Armitage.

However, Daphne did not suspect any double dealing. She merely looked upon it as an awkward coincidence that Constance should have selected to come to Paris just now when, as she herself expressed it, she "was having such a jolly time of it."

Mademe de Maupas was a young widow, living in the Rue St. Honore, not overloaded with means, and spending every penny of her income on dress and amusement.

The little menage consisted of three persons. Madame de Maupas herself, her half sister Angele, and Monsieur Raoul, her brother-in-law, an extremely attractive and fascinating young Frenchman, and he it was who threatened to prove dangerous to Mr. Armitage's peace of mind. Daphne had made his acquaintance with the trio at the house of the English clergyman, and there was hardly a day that she did not pay a visit to the Rue St. Honore.

Mr. Armitage had attached no importance to it at first. Daphne must have friends, and although Madame de Maupas was not exactly the type of woman he would have chosen as a companion for her, there was not much to cavil at. A little loud perhaps, she laughed too frequently and showed her dazzling white teeth and she had many mannerisms which he considered objectionable, but still, meeting her as they had done at St. John's, she was of necessity be irreproachable. Little did he suspect that that afternoon was the sole occasion on which Madame de Maupas had crossed Mr. St. John's threshold, and that they knew nothing whatever about her or her antecedents.

It was not until nearly a month later that, coming home somewhat unexpectedly in the forenoon, he found her singing duets with an extremely handsome young Frenchman, and learned for the first time that Madame de Maupas had a brother-in-law.

Daphne tossed her head rebelliously when questioned as to her reticence in the matter.

"If this young man lives with Madame de Maupas you must have seen him constantly!"

"Of course I have. How foolish you are! Am I then never to speak to a man?"

"I must say I cannot understand why you have never mentioned him before."

"Oh, what does it signify? I suppose I did not give it a thought."

The air of profound indifference she displayed strengthened his conviction, and when he found she was running round to Madame de Maupas' on every possible occasion he began to grow most uneasy. By this time he had learned that Daphne was not to be trusted.

She was giddy, vain, determined to be admired, and not over scrupulous about the means she employed to accomplish her ends.

To his hints that he did not approve of her intimacy with Madame de Maupas, she remained mute, and when at last he forbade her to go so often to the Rue S. Honore, she burst into tears and sulked for three days.

Daphne was very much afraid of Mr. Armitage. He could not possibly stoop to watch his wife. He had given his orders most imperatively and would only hope that she would obey them, but he could extract no promise from her to that effect.

"They are my friends," she sobbed passionately. "I do not see why I am to be prevented from going to see them.

And when, thinking to please her, he bought her tickets for the theater, she flung them into the fire.

Just at this she was awed into submission, for Gerald declared that if she did not break off her connection with these people, he should take her from Paris altogether into the country where she would see no one.

"I should run away," she flashed out. "I will never, never live in the country."

"Daphne, can you really be the same loving girl I married!

The grave rebuke in his tone wakened a little remorse within her. Her bosom heaved, and two drops gathered and ran down her cheeks.

"You are always so cross," she cried. "You are not a bit the same as you used to be either, if I am changed you have changed still more."

And when he did not speak, wondering in what words he could assure her how dear she was to him still and beg of her to act as he would have her, she suddenly ran out of the room and into her own, and locked the door against him.

But now that Constance had come all would be well. Her advice was what poor Daphne needed, and she would certainly be swayed by it. But it promised to be more difficult than either of them had anticipated.

Daphne made not the slightest reference in any way to her new friends, and as Constance was supposed to be in ignorance of their existence, she of course, could not broach the subject. Mr. Armitage bethought him of a plan that would at once mollify his wife, and afford an introduction to his *bete noir*, for Constance.

"Daphne," he said, as they sat at dinner a day or two after Mrs. Armitage's arrival, "we will have a musical evening, if you like, while Constance is here."

"We know no one who sings or plays," she demurred.

"Nonsense—that young de Maupas—surely he sings?"

"Oh yes, but I thought you objected to the whole family!" said Daphne, raising her eyebrows and looking mildly astonished.

Gerald was conscious of some little inconsistency. "I do not object to an ordinary acquaintance, dear, only to an inordinate intimacy."

"Oh!" cried Daphne, and folded her arms demurely. "Will you tell me where one ends and the other begins?" she added, and Constance was surprised to hear the pert tone she adopted.

"Now, Constance," she said, appealing to her sister-in-law, "you shall be umpire; you will abide by your verdict; you are a woman of the world, which Gerald is kind enough to say that I am not; how often may friends see each other and steer clear of—what is it?—'inordinate intimacy?'"

"Really, I don't think I could say without a close acquaintance with the subject under discussion. Who are the friends, Daphne?"

She had now led up to the point, and as Gerald took the earliest opportunity of slipping from the room there was no restraint upon Daphne's eloquence.

"Who is Madame de Maupas?"

"Who is she? A lady. She has no profession that I am aware of," she answered flippantly.

"What is her brother?"

"I don't know."

"They all speak English, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, I don't know where I should be if they didn't. Everybody talks so fast in French. I can't make out what they say. At school they spoke slowly and properly, and then it was quite easy."

On this score Constance could fully sympathize. For a full half hour Daphne rattled on. Madame de Maupas was charming, so very full of fun, like a girl; and Angele!—yes, she was pleasant too, but not too be compared with her sister."

"And Monsieur Raoul?" asked Constance, "is enamored of Mademoiselle Angele?"

Daphne looked down with a confused smile on her face.

"Now what put that into your head, I wonder! No; most certainly not. Nothing would please Angele better."

"He is so charming as the others, I conclude?"

"You shall see him and judge for yourself," laughed Daphne, who was not to be cajoled into airing her opinions too openly.

"The hateful trio," as Gerald dubbed them, duly arrived on the following Thursday evening, and Daphne, in a bewildering costume of rose pink and creamy lace, fluttered about in a state of excitement.

There was no response about Daphne; she was absolutely unable to remain quiescent for long at any time; but to-night it seemed to Constance that there was a repressed fervor and nervousness about her that was unusual. She hardly addressed a word to Raoul de Maupas, which in itself was a bad sign, but once Constance intercepted a look between them that seemed to imply a thorough understanding. Three or four guests had arrived, besides the English clergyman, whom the door opened once, and to her unbounded amazement Constance found herself in the presence of Basil St. Quentin.

Daphne's eyes twinkled with mischief. "Ah!" she said, "don't say that I can't keep a secret. Gerald invited Mr. St. Quentin yesterday, and we wanted to surprise you."

It was a surprise, and not altogether a pleasant one.

By and by the young man found his way to her side.

"When did you come to Paris?" he asked easily.

And she answered in a tone as indifferent as his own, but all the time she was asking herself misgivingly, "What can I done that he should so change towards me?"

"Are you making a long stay?"

"About a fortnight, I imagine."

And then he asked if the journey had been rough and unpleasant, and other questions of a like nature altogether trivial and unimportant, until presently Constance felt relieved to see Madame de Maupas open the piano and sweep her jeweled hands over the keys, for they must perforce keep silence.

Madame de Maupas was what is commonly known as "a fine woman." She was a woman with a presence—tall, dark, and large boned. Everything about her was big—great, dreamy open eyes, big smiling mouth, and her voice was of extraordinary compass and volume.

Once she thumped the keys, now her hands flew up and down from bass to treble, from treble to bass, with what energy she pressed down the pedal, and what clinking and jingling her many bracelets made the while. It was appalling.

She sang a French song, which was pretty enough in its way, and when she had pounded out the last note she rose from her seat with the air of one who had done her duty, and done it fairly well.

Raoul took her place, and Constance was bound to confess that whatever his shortcomings might be he was an admirable musician. He had a rich tenor voice, and he understood the art of singing. Unlike his sister-in-law, he selected an English ballad, and sang it remarkably well. It was a plaintive little ditty, and it told of two lovers whose hard fate it was to part.

"Ah, love! never more, never more"

ran the refrain. Daphne sat very still, her hands loosely folded before her and her lips parted, and her eyes never left the face of the singer. But when he rose she gave herself a petulant shake.

"Too sad," she cried. "Who will give us something gay? We shall all have the blues."

And after that there was more singing, one or two showy pieces rattled off by Madame de Maupas' energetic fingers, and a dreamy waltz exquisitely played by Raoul.

Yes, Constance told herself, there was no doubt about it. Monsieur Raoul de Maupas was the very dangerous acquaintance for a girl of Daphne's temperament. He was just the type of man to appeal to her.

Beyond these few conventional phrases Basil St. Quentin hardly addressed Constance. He chatted to his hostess, after which he devoted himself to Angele Riviere, who accepted his attentions graciously.

She was the exact opposite of her half-sister, being short and thin, with the wasp-like waist and pretensions to beauty, and yet her face was a pleasant one, redeemed by a very winning smile. Long before that evening came to an end Mrs. Armitage had gauged the depths of the shallow mind and ferreted out poor Angele's secret. She was madly in love with Raoul.

"And he appears to be unconscious of her very existence. What an unsatisfactory world this is to be sure, with its round holes and square pegs," thought Constance, who perhaps had a fellow-feeling just then for Miss Riviere. With a cool shake of the hand and not the slightest intimation of another visit, Mr. St. Quentin got himself away betimes, long before Madame de Maupas' party thought of taking their leave, and Daphne looked after him wonderingly.

"I should like to know if it is true what we have heard," she said, somewhat eagerly, to Constance, "about Mr. St. Quentin I mean. They say he has been jilted. He does look down in the mouth, I must say—don't you think so?"

"He is much the same as usual, I fancy." Even Constance had to resort to a "wee white lie" on this occasion.

What a world this would be if everyone aired their true sentiments for the benefit of their fellow-creatures!

In many cases truth is well hidden "at the bottom of a well," Constance felt sick at heart, she could hardly have told why. But she was disappointed, and disgusted, and hurt, and incensed. There was a curious commingling of sensations within her. She tried to persuade herself that what Mr. St. Quentin might say or do was of no moment to her, that she absolutely did not care. She reasoned with herself, and scolded herself for her folly, and argued, and then at last broke down and wept such tears as for many long months she had been a stranger to.

(To be Continued.)

Upper Berth Item.

Porter—Ise 'fraid you won't find much room foh undressin' up dar, sah.

Mr. Gotham—Oh, there 's plenty of room, plenty of it! At home. I live in a flat.

35 CENTS A BOTTLE

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

Oxygenized Emulsion of

PURE COD LIVER OIL

TASTELESS

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

LABORATORY, TORONTO, ONT.

USE IT FOR

Difficulty of Breathing
Tightness of the Chest
Wasting Away of Flesh
Throat Troubles
Consumption
Bronchitis, Weak Lungs
Asthma, Coughs
Catarrh, Colds

CARPETS

Don't stick in the rut by buying your carpets from that slow-going concern. Under no obligation—no excuse. They've got old patterns and must sell them. Can't afford to reduce the prices; were bought when carpets were a luxury at luxurious figures. Must keep up to cost; make you pay.

We've done a lot towards reducing prices of carpets, and everything in furniture for the home. How? We've extended the trade to the masses, the millions, by giving credit at cash prices. Everybody can catch the inference.

This season our stock of carpets is superb. Every weave new designs, qualities better, prices lower. Won't you look at them? Welcome, whether you want to buy or not.

C. F. Adams Company

THE HOMEFURNISHERS

177 to 179 Yonge St., through to 6 Queen St. East

C. S. CORYELL, Mgr. Tel. 2233

KOFF NO MORE

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS

Are the best in the world for the Throat and Chest and for the Voice. UNEQUALLED. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

HEREWARD SPENCER CO. CHAR KE CHANGE TORONTO

Agency 453½ Yonge St.

63 1-2 King Street West
278 College Street. Telephone 1807

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH TEABERRY 25 CTS. PER PKG. 25 CTS.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

The Best Cough Cure

Is the best remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis, sore throat, la grippe, pneumonia, hoarseness, or other derangements of the vocal organs, throat, and lungs. Its record covers half a century and is gathered from all quarters of the globe. It is the favorite preparation with singers, actors, preachers, teachers, and public speakers. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, and strengthens the voice. Taken at the first symptoms of consumption, it checks further progress of the disease, and even in the later stages, it eases coughing and induces repose. By reason of its great strength, it is the most economical medicine of the kind to be found anywhere in the world.

For Colds Coughs Bronchitis Consumption

"We have been dealing in Ayer's Medicines for years, and have always found them to give the very best satisfaction. One of our customers, a lady, was afflicted for a long time with chronic bronchitis. In the summer of 1880, after having used various remedies without benefit, she tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and almost immediately she was relieved, and in a short time, cured."—R. S. Webster & Co., Udora, Ont.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

A Preferred Creditor.

A good story is going the rounds about a New York merchant who recently failed for a large amount. He called all his creditors together and offered to settle with them at ten cents on the dollar, giving them his notes, payable in thirty days.

As most of the creditors had little hope of getting anything they eagerly accepted the proposition. One man, however, stood out for better terms, and all efforts to get him to agree were futile. Finally the bankrupt took him out in the hall and said:

"Ven you come in an' sign mit de udders, den I make you preferred creditor."

"All right," said the kicker, "under those circumstances I will agree to a settlement."

The papers were signed and all the creditors left except the one who had been told he was to be preferred.

"Vat are you vating for?" said the man who had failed.

"Why, you said I was to be preferred. I am waiting to know what I am to get."

"Veil, I tell you—you get nottings."

"Get nothing? Why, you promised to make me a preferred creditor if I would sign with the rest."

"And so you are. I make you preferred. I tell you now you gets nottings. De udders wait thirty days before dey know it, and den dey get nottings."

One Man's Way of Doing Good.

Not long ago a strange man appeared in Judge Tuley's court in Chicago, and after adjournment approached the judge and asked for a favor.

"Well, what is it, sir?" inquired the judge.

"I understand your wife is interested in charity work. I wish you would do me the favor of giving her this," pressing a roll of bills in the judge's hand.

"From whom shall I say it came?"

"That is immaterial," responded the stranger, taking his leave.

The roll contained five $100 bills.

Wednesday last Judge Tuley was at his home considering cases he had under advisement. A rather stout, middle aged man, with a full brown beard, approached Clerk Heimburg, and, being informed that the judge was absent, the gentleman said:

"Will you please give me a receipt for five hundred in the name of Mrs. Tuley?"

The clerk hesitated and asked what the money was for.

"Tell her it is for the benefit of little girls."

"Who shall I say it came from?"

"That is not necessary," concluded the donor, folding up the receipt and retracing his steps toward the door.

Adding Fuel to The Flame.

A Reminiscence of the Crusades.

On Tuesday evening the bells of all the parish churches of Brussels rang merry peals to celebrate the anniversary of the return home from the Holy Land of the survivors of the Brusselers who took part in the first crusade. They had left in 1095 with Godfrey of Bouillon, whom they left there and for six long years no news had been received of them. They were given up for lost, and more than one of the forsaken wives was thinking of giving a successor to the absent one, when on January 19, 1101, at dusk, the arrival was announced of a troop of men-of-arms at the Treurenberg gate. Great was the joy in many houses, and the long waited for husbands were welcomed with the best of suppers, to which they did such ample honor that when bedtime came they were unable to move from their chairs, and their valiant wives had to carry them to bed. Until 1781 the Council of Barbant held no meeting on that day.

A Diplomatic Romance.

"Mr. Simpkins, Harold," she said with faltering coyness, while he gave a sudden start of terror as the thought that this is the year 1892 flashed upon him. "I am the bearer of a message from my father. He says you must come here no longer without stating your intentions. And, Harold, you know it's leap year, and—and, oh! need I say more?"

"Miss Boggs," replied the young man, recovering his self-possession and his hat, "am I to understand that your father charged you to deliver me an ultimatum?"

"Why, yes, Harold, if you will use those terms at such a moment."

"Say to him, then," said the young man in a Jorge Montt tone of voice, "that the representative is *persona non grata* to me, and that I firmly but respectfully decline to continue diplomatic relations."

In a moment he was gone. But the young girl did not falter. "*Persona non grata* am I?" she mused. "That might have done a week or two ago, but Mr. Blaine has shown that when really serious complications have arisen, that plea doesn't go. And I just reckon, Harold Simpkins," she continued aloud, as a rosy flush mantled her plump cheeks, "that I've got a little ba'ch of diplomatic correspondence, which, when read before any court of breach of-promise arbitration in the country, will bring me in a good big indemnity, too.—*Chicago Times.*

CANCER

It seems almost incredible that a remedy has at last been discovered for curing this dreadful disease without any painful operation. But when we can refer you to hundreds of living witnesses who have been permanently cured by our wonderful and painless treatment you should not hesitate to tell your friends the good news. No Knife! No Plaster! No Pain! Send 6 cents in stamps for particulars, and mention this paper.

STOTT & JURY
BOWMANVILLE, Ont.

J. PICOT, PARIS, SOLE PROPRIETOR.

LESSIVE PHENIX

Makes Hard Water Soft.
Makes White Clothes Whiter.
Makes Flannels Soft and Clean.
Makes Fruit Stains Vanish.
Makes Tin Like Silver.
Makes Paint Like New.
Makes Glassware Brilliant.
Makes Earthenware Spotless.
Makes Windows Like Crystal.
Makes Baths and Sinks Clean and Bright.

THE ONLY ARTICLE THAT WILL CLEAN ZINC.

For sale by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere.

FACTORY IN MONTREAL.

EVANS AND SONS, SOLE AGENTS.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE IN IT?

THE BATTLE OF _____ (?)

One of the most remarkable and terrible ever fought. The army of the general whose previous successes had terrified Europe was posted along the ascent with Hougoumont, and the general himself had taken up his stand in a farm house called the "Belle Alliance." The opposing forces were extended over an elevation in the Charleroi Road about two miles from the little village in Belgium which gave its name to the battle. Each commander was thus able to command a view of the whole field. The first general with better equipped and better drilled troops and unable to see the reserve force of the other was over confident. The second commander, supported by the brave old Prussian marshal, divided his troops into two lines and awaited the beginning of the battle. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock on Sunday the 18th of June, 1815, that the actual engagement began. The action opened with a brisk cannonade on the house and wood of Hougoumont which were held by the troops of Nassau. The contest continued here all day with terrible fury, but without being able to expel the .....who, although the building had been set on fire, maintained their post amid the flames. Frightful slaughter and great loss ensued. Terrific and resolute attacks were made by the.....cavalry on the.....centre, and at six in the evening the allied army had lost ten thousand men. Their opponents had suffered still more severely losing fifteen thousand soldiers. Then the great general on seeing the .....sweep the old guards before them exclaimed:

"All is lost for the present," and rode from the field. The battle was over.

QUESTIONS:—1st. Name the battle referred to in above description 2nd. What two nations were principally interested? 3rd. Give names of two principal commanders. 4th. Did defeated commander ever regain his position? 5th. Where did he die?

Toronto, February 2nd, 1892.

To Whom It May Concern:—

This is to certify that we have this day contracted with the publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY to ship for them two of the "Heintzman & Co's. Upright Pianos, Style D.," valued at $350.00 each, to the two successful contestants in their Prize History Competition, and have received their order for the same. Respectfully,

(Signed) HEINTZMAN & CO.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at $350.00, will be given for the FIRST correct answers to the above questions and a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the next TEN correct answers received.

All correct answers are numbered and entered on our books as received.

$100.00 in Cash will be given for the correct answers to the above questions which is the MIDDLE one received during the Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received next PRECEDING the middle one, DUPLICATE prizes will be given for the ten correct answers received next FOLLOWING the middle one.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at $350.00, will be given for the LAST correct answers received before the close of this Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received PRECEDING the last one.

Over $100 Given Away each Day in Special Prizes.

And the names of winners announced each day in the leading daily newspapers of Canada.

A **solid gold watch** will be given each day during this competition for the first correct answers received and opened at the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY office upon that day. A handsome rich glass Berry Bowl mounted on an elegant silver stand of the best quadruple plate valued $16.00 will be given to EACH province and state daily for the first correct answers received and opened upon that day.

EXPLANATION:—As the Publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY do not consider it advisable that the names of the winners of either of the pianos should be announced until the close of this contest, no daily prize will be awarded for the first correct answers received on THE FIRST DAY; The number of such necessarily being the winner of the first piano.

In awarding the daily prizes the second correct answers received from the province or state, which have carried off the solid gold watch for that day will be awarded the Berry Bowl mounted on a silver stand, this is to prevent the first received from that province or state from securing both the watch and berry bowl on that day.

AWARD OF PRIZES:—A committee consisting of a representative from each of the six Toronto daily newspapers will be invited to act in the award of the prizes at the close of this competition. One hundred dollars in cash will be paid for proof of any unfairness or partiality in the award of the prizes.

CONDITIONS:—Answers must be accompanied by one dollar for six months TRIAL subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY which will be sent to any address in Canada or United States that contestant desires, decision will be based on the correctness of the answers rather than on the language used in answering. Answers may be mailed any time before MAY 15th, 1892, as the prizes are equitably divided over entire time competition is open, persons can enter at any time with an equal opportunity of securing one of the leading prizes. No corrections can be made after answers are mailed unless another six months trial subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY is enclosed with corrections. THE LADIES PICTORIAL Co. is an established and financially responsible publishing concern who offer the above prizes purely as a legitimate manner of attracting attention to their elegant sixteen page illustrated weekly. The purpose is to introduce it (on trial) into every possible home in Canada and the United States. It is intended to make each prize winner a permanent advertisement for the merits of the Weekly. Each daily prize winner is expected to secure from amongst their circle of friends at least two new six months trial subscriptions, and it is expected that every winner of a leading prize will renew their trial subscription for an entire year. By this plan we shall introduce the Weekly into at least ten thousand new homes, it is simply a business plan of increasing our circulation. If you have never seen the Ladies Weekly send three two cent stamps for sample copy. There is no other like it in Canada. Address.

LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY,

Building 192 King St. West, TORONTO, CAN.

Cut this announcement out it may not appear again.

9 CORDS IN 10 HOURS, SAWING 4 FT. LOGS. EASY. No Backache. BOND.

BY ONE MAN

Send for free illustrated catalogue, showing testimonials from thousands who have sawed from 5 to 9 cords daily. It saws down trees, folds like a pocket knife, weighs only 45 lbs., easily carried on shoulder. One man can saw more timber with it than two men with a cross-cut saw. 40,000 in use. We also make larger-sized machine to carry 7 foot saw. No duty to pay, we manufacture in London. First order secures the agency. FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO. 309 to 311 So. Canal St., Chicago, Ill.

NOTHING ON EARTH

Sold by all Reliable Druggists

Berlin Chemical Co. - - - Berlin, Ont.

CURES NERVOUS HEADACHE As quickly as PHENOLINE

The Great German Headache Powder

NO { OPIATES ANTI-PYRINE HEMBEGS } Instant relief guaranteed.

Agents Wanted

Price 25 and 50 Cents

The Toronto Saturday Night

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), Prop'rs.

VOL. V] TORONTO, FEB. 27, 1892. [NO. 14

On Yellow Dogs.

ONE often sees the yellow dog mentioned in print and sometimes spoken of in conversation, but very rarely noticed in real life. There is a certain insignificance about him, and most of us overlook the large numbers of him that are to be seen by an observant person. The average man knows that the dog of the miner of fiction is always yellow, that sometimes like the miner himself an unprepossessing exterior hides noble qualities; that, notwithstanding this, the yellow dog is regarded by all versed in Nature's ethics as a thing for contempt, and, in short, the term is synonymous with a sad and outcast or at least commonplace character. Nature, with her harsh decrees, seems to have set the yellow dog without the range of human kindness—kindness to a yellow dog is irrelevant. Dogdom is so like human life. How many yellow dogs of society go home to supper every night at six o'clock? "Decent fellows," many of them, but commonplace, who work away in the rut, experiencing but little of the milk of human kindness, or genuine outcasts, used to and expecting nothing but kicks and cuffs of human life. It is pitiful and easy to sermonize about, but hard to remedy.

I think I heard of a catalogue of dogs once, made thusly: "Yellow Dogs and Dogs Not Yellow," and mankind might be similarly divided into: "People Without Spunk and People With It." The man without spunk is the yellow dog of society. Spunk is a rather difficult quality to analyze. When Lord Nelson, at one of the battles in which he fought, looked for the retreat signal of his superior officer with his blind eye, and of course not seeing it, tossed the glass away, justified in continuing and winning the fight, he was spunky in the best sense. He asserted himself above his commanding officer but he did it judiciously, and his spunk had no ill consequences. Some English people are most exasperatingly spunky, and bully people in a way that suggests the worst development of spunk, but then I have my prejudices and would rather own even a yellow dog than a bull dog. Spunk, at any rate, prevents a man or a woman from being a commonplace person. That rather curious person of Canadian literature, the Algonquin Maiden, would cease to exist in the memory of all had she not once exhibited Spunk—once only, but on that occasion she smashed an osculatory young man in the face with her fist. Otherwise she is a yellow dog of literature.

I know a very charming young lady who is gracious to all the canine race, but especially to yellow dogs. By her own extra kind words and caresses she tries to make up to any miserable little ecru animal of this species for the kicks and cuffs of the rest of the world. And she finds that the hearts of yellow dogs are just as large and grateful as those of other dogs. The eyes, too, have grown larger and more piteous than those of his fellows, and the young lady now feels rewarded when she sees the movements of the beautiful depths of the canine eye, which signify love and gratitude. It is the same with the metaphorical yellow dogs. Would that the young lady were more generally emulated!

TOUCHSTONE.

The Drama.

IT does one good to go and see Geoffrey Middleton, Gentleman, a second time. There is so much in it that is missed in all other plays of its class. Cynicism, bizarre effects or the sweetness that cloyeth are all too customary in modern society comedies. Some dramatic critics have revolted at the scent of a sermon about Geoffrey Middleton, Gentleman, but the sermon is a broad uncircumscribed one, and one that should be accepted by everybody, "good-will toward men." Miss Martha Morton, the author, is a self-confessed disciple of Howells, whose views, the critics, despite their noisome abuse of a twelvemonth ago, are coming round to. The writings of this American authoress are a dramatic antidote to the brilliant cynicism of Pinero and the more nauseating and self-confident cynicism of the French society play. To the school of Howells may be traced Miss Morton's treatment of the Merritt family. There is a depth of feeling and charity in her drawing of these that is refreshing. Here is old man Merritt, guilty of all kinds of methods for forcing himself and his family into a society which does not want them and probably bestows on them that particularly pet phrase of snobs, *nouveaux riches*, in many outward respects a prototype of a character in Pinero's latest comedy The Times. But Pinero's character is the mere result of the clever observations of a cynical observer without flesh and blood, a peg whereon to hang his creator's opinions; while Thomas Merritt, sr., lives, has a rich, warm human heart, nobler and far above the things he strives for. One hears too much in dramatic criticism about the *blase* theater-goer. Why the criticisms of the man whom the theaters have made *blase* should be worth the snap of a finger I don't know, but the *blase* theater-goer probably objects to a play with a sermon of human charity in it. The thoughtful theater-goer, not *blase*, can recognize in Miss Martha Morton a playwriter with genius in contra-distinction to the playwright with cleverness, and a writer whose grasp of the problems of human life is unusually broad and optimistic. The one serious fault in the play is in the very sketchy character of Bob Middleton.

*

Of the wonderfully fine acting of the Pitou Stock Company in this play, and especially of Mr. W. H. Thompson as Thomas Merritt, sr., is it not written in No. 48, Vol. 4, of this paper? But there was something about Minnie Seligman's acting in the first act, which I did not mention in my last write-up of this play. She then personates a girl who afterwards marries the nominal hero of the play, and though there is nothing in the dialogue to indicate that she is in love with Geoffrey, Miss Seligman gave a beautiful completeness to her impersonation by giving one of the most delicate and delightful pictures of a girl in love that I have ever seen. How her beautiful eyes followed Geoffrey's every movement; with what joy did she drink in his every word as he talked with her and read the beautiful little lyric, What Lacks My Life!; what a delicious, breathless laugh was hers when her name was by suggestion linked with his; in short, she seemed literally in heaven when in Geoffrey's presence.

*

Edourd Cadol's new drama, entitled Her Release, was presented at the Grand by the Pitou Company at the Wednesday matinee. It is of sombre, tear-drenched character, and like A Modern Match of a somewhat unhealthy character. The plot of the play is briefly as follows: The scene is in France and at the present day. The Marquis de Port d'Argol is a *roue*. He compromises his wife by his debaucheries, and she is tempted to take a lover. Such a reason is easy enough to find, and one Henri de Luc is ready to hand, who endeavors to woo her with snake-like and smooth words, in his own apartment, where she has taken refuge. Then comes the old situation. The Marquis arrives and the wife conceals herself. But to the audience's surprise the situation is practically new, for

MISS MINNIE SELIGMAN.

there is no discovery and storm, even though the lady's fan is found by the Marquis. He tells the tempter Henri of his sorrow for his own misdeeds and on the subject of the fan, rightly inferring that a woman is concealed, gives the young man a lecture on immorality in general and the bitter sorrow which is the inevitable result of such courses. The wife overhears his repentant words and in her heart forgives him. She goes home and her husband, in spite of his repentance, is killed in a duel and she is released. Though there are some original situations in Her Release, the most of it is heavy. The characters are wholly artificial and the humor unhealthy and cynical. The dialogue includes many melodramatic catch words and speeches. None of the actors have a chance to show the best of their abilities. Mr. Wheatcroft as the marquis did splendid work. His magnificent voice was called into play in the third act. Mr. Wm. Faversham was excellent as Henri De Luc. Miss Minnie Seligman did as good work as could be done in such a part. Miss Ida Vernon in an objectionable *role* deserved great praise. The balance of the company had little to do, but that little was done well. On Wednesday night a farce, The Last Straw, and a one act piece, Her First Love, were presented. Messrs. Thompson, Wheatcroft, Backus and Faversham, and Misses Vernon, Stuart, Seligman and Stanhope had the honors.

*

Miss Washington's matinee recital was something of an experiment in Toronto, although in New York such an afternoon recital is quite the thing. In spite of the very inauspicious weather there was a good attendance of ladies, who were amply rewarded for their temerity in venturing out. Miss Florence Washington is a talented Torontonian with a very charming stage presence and her programme demanded a versatility unusually wide. It varied from the lines of the irascible Sir Peter Teazle to the tender child-talk of Sarah Winter Kellogg's, A Second Trial, and from the tragedy of Buchanan's Fra Giacomo to the light comedy of A Modern Flirtation. The Second Trial, her first number, was rendered in a most sympathetic manner, the words of the little girl being especially natural. The scene from School for Scandal which followed was perhaps the most trying selection of the afternoon and the one best handled. Sir Peter's lines were surprisingly well done and there was some very delicate and natural acting in Miss Washington's Lady Teazie. The well known Aux Italiens and A Modern Flirtation called forth well deserved applause. Lasca, one of the finest narrative poems in the language and, by the way, one of the least known, was pronounced by many to be the most enjoyable number on the programme. It is undoubtedly a poem which should be better known, and it lost nothing of its power in Miss Washington's rendition. In the scene from London Assurance the lines of Lady Gay Spanker were admirably done. Fra Giacomo is a poem somewhat bald of poetic diction but it has good dramatic power and was strikingly handled. The Attitudes of the Emotions, which closed the programme, were beautiful and showed admirable grace. Miss Washington has had the best of teachers, Mrs. Waller, who also taught three such talented women as Mary Anderson, Julia Marlowe and Margaret Mather, and I am told she will after her tour go to Europe for even finer tuition. She has extraordinary versatility and all her elocutionary efforts are admirable. In addition she has a certain *ingenue* quality which makes her rendition of many feminine lines more than elocution, and feminine acting. Her voice is of good quality and though her face is not very mobile, she knows how to make the most of it. Miss Washington has decided that she will not go on the stage but continue in the course she has started and in this latter I think her greatest chance of success lies. Mr. O. B. Sheppard is Miss Washington's capable manager.

*

I presume that I may speak of Miss Johnson's recital of Friday night last in this column. Of course the fact that Miss Johnson recited her own magnificent poetry lent much to the good effect of her appearance, but there was some interesting dramatic study in her recitations, too. In the first place, she has a something which is heard all too seldom nowadays, a clear, distinct and correct enunciation and a voice that carries well, and this does a great deal for anybody. The most interesting source of study in her work brings up the question which Coquelin, Irving and Salvini have wrangled over, to wit; whether the actor should feel the emotion he portrays! For those interested in the subject Miss Johnson is a first-class object lesson. I have mentioned one of her best qualities for public appearance, and I must add that she has a face surprisingly mobile, a good presence, and is thus well equipped for the expression of emotions. Many of the poems she recited were of strong dramatic quality, and it was most strikingly apparent that the great acceptability of her work was due to the fact that she really felt and knew how to portray the emotions which her lines described. Even in her selection, The Avenger, when she was obviously most nervous, the feeling which she expressed had the upperhand of the very natural sensations of one making a first appearance of the kind, and scorn, contempt and sarcasm were admirably expressed in her rendition. Miss Johnson's other selections included As Redmen Die, Beyond the Blue, The Pilot of the Plains, the beautiful Cry of the Indian Wife and other selections. In the lapse of memory which happened during the recitation of The Song My Paddle Sings, which by the way is printed in another column, she showed admirable coolness and appreciation for the position in which she stood toward her audience. I have not spoken of the quality of Miss Johnson's poetry, for it is sufficiently well known. Her magnetism and her aptitude for public appearance, alone make the hearer wish to see more after and it is to be hoped that Miss Johnson will again, ere long, see fit to appear before a Toronto audience. Miss Johnson had able musical assistance. Much credit is due to Mr. Frank Yeigh, who managed the recital.

*

The appetite for refined farce is amazingly strong in this season of grippe and death and sorrow. In fact, the farce comedy companies seem to average better all-round business than any other line. Among all the new conceits of the kind the old-time Private Secretary is peer of them all. To speak of its plot would be impertinent nowadays. The company presenting it at the Academy this week is a very fair one and includes one or two very fine actors. Mr. Edwin Travers as Douglas Cattermole is a most excellent actor. Nothing better of the kind has been seen in Toronto for some time, and one might draw a parallel between his work and that of George Backus of the Pitou Stock Company. Both do light character work; both act with an artistic finish that is absolutely flawless, and there is some resemblance between the two. Mr. Thos. Rees Davies, who played the elder Cattermole, was quite as good in his *role*, which is a most trying one. The line between exaggeration and inadequacy was most delicately drawn and the ridiculous old East Indian was in his hands a flesh and blood creation. Mr. Wm. Fairbanks did good work as the Private Secretary, although his voice was not quite meek enough. Mr. Evelyn Evans as Mr. Marsland had a very handsome stage presence. Miss Grace Graves was somewhat stiff as Edith Marsland, but she can make love beautifully. Miss Charlotte Nelson was sprightly as Eva, and has a great deal of magnetism. Miss Bertha Livingstone was a conscientious Miss Ashford. The Private Secretary runs all week.

*

I will write of Keene next week. His two remaining performances to-day, The Merchant of Venice and Richard III., promise a fine attendance. For the first three nights of next week Kate Claxton and her clever husband, Charles A. Stevenson, will present The Two Orphans, by D'Eunery, author of Monbars. The public never seems to tire of this play. During the last three nights of next week Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will appear in a repertoire. Thursday night, Tom Taylor's comedy, Still Waters Run Deep; Friday night, Katharine Kavanagh; Saturday matinee, The Ironmaster; Saturday night, The Squire. The Grand is living up to its reputation.

TOUCHSTONE.

The public houses in London close promptly at 12 o'clock on Saturday night. Rose Michel was put on at the St. James Theater a number of years ago. On a certain Saturday night the performance moved slowly, and it was ten minutes to twelve before the curtain went down on the third act. This conversation took place between two costermongers in the gallery:

"Hi say, Bill, we mustn't miss Rose Michel, yer know. It's most twelve o'clock. Let's cut the bloomin' show before the pubs close."

"Wite tel the curtain goes up. Hi want ter see w'at's comin' next."

When the act begins Pierre Michel enters with a crowbar. He is about to commit a robbery. Walking slowly to the wall that he is about to break through, the Pierre in this case surveyed it with care and then turning to the audience said impressively: "This will take hours!"

"Good hevenin'!" roared the gallery in chorus. The next instant the whole upper crowd had stampeded.

'Varsity Chat.

THE Hon. Edward and Mrs. Blake have become patrons of the Women's Literary Society of University College. On Saturday evening of last week the regular meeting of this society was held and as the "co-eds" are enthusiastic over their organization, the programme was well rendered. The singing of Oft in the Stilly Night and I Would That My Love by the Glee Club and a piano solo by Miss Julia Hillock attuned the minds of those present to a better appreciation of the essay and speeches that followed. Miss Hill's essay dealt in humorous manner with some phases of college life, and afterwards it was debated "The Modern Tendency to Specialization is Beneficial." Two seniors, Miss Hillock and Miss Cilmie, spoke for the affirmative and Miss Young and Miss Parkinson, juniors, argued for the negative. The arguments advanced by the speakers were carefully considered by the president, Miss Mackenzie, and she gave her decision in favor of the affirmative.

*

In the new Clark University of Worcester, Mass., devoted entirely to post-graduate work, the number of Canadians has so increased that they have found it of interest to form a Canadian club, of which the officers are: President, Mr. A. F. Chamberlain, M. A., of Toronto; vice-presidents, Ontario, Mr. W. H. Metzler, B. A., of Toronto, Nova Scotia, Mr. Alexander Fraser, B. A., of Dalhousie, New Brunswick, Mr. C. N. Brown, B. A., of Dalhousie; secretary, and historian, Mr. Thomas F. Holgate, M. A., of Victoria; treasurer, Mr. John McGowan, B. A., of Toronto.

*

In the above-mentioned club, graduates of the University of Toronto occupy prominent positions, but on reading over the item I am led to wonder how it can be popular to be a Canadian in the United States when it does not appear to be so here. How few in Canada call themselves Canadians. In our own province, with all its enlightenment, I venture to write that the majority of the people take pride in asserting that they are sons of some other country. We also have numerous societies that are kept up on prejudices and superstitions imported from Europe and Asia. These organizations obtain more allegiance than our own country. We should not forget that Canada, though sharing the prestige of the British Empire, is the "larger half" of the continent of North America and not a European petty state ruled over by a princeling.

*

The following are the opening lines in the current issue of the McMaster University *Monthly*: Fyfe, Tonnoe, Yule, Cattle, McGregor! To those who know the men are interested in our education work, what a group of cherished names this must ever be! To have lived in the presence of their example and shared the inspiration of their teaching and influence—this is much. To so have lived and wrought as to be worthy, when our day is past, of being mentioned with them—this would be much more.

*

Old Roman's letter on the lady undergraduates has stirred to life a number of dormant writers, as the following extracts from letters will show:

"That such a letter could have been written by an undergraduate of the University is a matter of sincere regret. I will venture to say, however, that the total number of 'Old Romans' among us does not exceed one. Many of us may disapprove of co-education, but however strong our feelings upon the question may be, we are fully sensible of the honor and respect which is due to those who avail themselves of the opportunities afforded; and if we are fortunate enough to know any of them we should consider it our duty to publicly denounce and repudiate such statements as Old Roman has presumed to make. W. H. BUNTING, '92."

*

"And small is our respect for the man who so little respects himself as to refer in contemptuous terms to those who, when mentioned at all, should always be mentioned with courtesy, and to drag into the profaning glare of notoriety that sweetest name, that name which should ever be held most sacred, the name of woman. CHANDOS."

*

"And now, Old Roman, take kindly the advice of a well-wisher. Pack that vallee, get thee hence to Persia or Turkey! There wilt thou find veiled faces, drooping eyelids; there wilt thy gray hairs not be brought with sorrow to the grave by the thought that the aim of every woman's life is to make thee a victim of her wiles, to corrupt thy high morals by her glances and her smiles, to unfit thee for thy life's work. There, O thou son of Adam, the woman will not tempt thee! Sincerely,

ELIZABETH M. LAWSON, '94."

*

The third article in connection with the political science studies of the University has been issued. It is entitled The Condition of Female Labor in Ontario, and is written by Miss Jean Thomson Scott, B. A. The work has been prepared with thoroughness and efficiency, and Miss Scott is accordingly receiving hearty congratulations on the success of her treatise.

*

At the meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society last week Mr. Gillespie read a paper on Trigonometrical Expansion, and Mr. C. A. Cleant, B. A., gave a short lecture on Polarized Light.

*

Messrs. J. Menzies and John McNicol, B. A., the delegates to the recent Provincial Y.M.C.A. Convention, addressed the college Y.M.C.A. last week.

*

The late Mr. James McLaren, the millionaire lumberman, left $50,000 to Knox College.

*

This afternoon at three o'clock Mr. H. Rushton Fairclough, M. A., will deliver a public lecture on the ancient and modern stage.

JUNIOR.

"Like You."

For Saturday Night.

Every day she came and stood beside him,
Watching with long fringed, limpid eyes,
Sometimes deep and purple like the heart's ease,
Sometimes blue and laughing like the skies;
Always clear and kind and true and tender—
She would whisper when his work was through,
"I hope, when I grown, I'll be good and clever
Like you."

He would smile—a smile more sad than mirthful;
"Dearest child, I am not good," he said;
He had trod the flaming path of duty,
Often wavered, often turned and fled.
He, of all, could see into her future,
See the fire, now hidden from her view;
"Teach me," she but pleaded, "to be holy
Like you."

"Holy!" Ah, that tiny blue-eyed baby;
See the rapt devotion in her face!
Could she only look into the by-gone—
Could she see his first, deep fall from grace!
Swept the blood across his brow and temples;
Dim his eyes with misty, gathering dew.
"If everyone could just be good," she whispered,
"Like you."

And still each day the childish form was near him,
The angel face and glist'ning golden hair;
And still each day the violet eyes were watching,
And ever speaking the same pleading prayer.
"Why do you stand, my child," he cried in anguish,
"Mocking me with your angel's eyes of blue?"
"I wouldn't if I was tall and good," she faltered,
"Like you."

One day the earth was stripped of all its roses—
They lay in wreaths upon a childish form;
An angel face framed in damp, golden tresses,
A life forever sheltered from the storm.
"Oh, child!" he mossed, "how safe you rest—how happy—
If I could only sleep in marble, too!
If I could only lie among the roses
Like you!"

LAURIER DARE.

Far Over the Sea.

For Saturday Night.

Far over the sea, the turbulent sea,
The great sea of trouble and care,
A city doth shine whose bulwarks divine
Stand fast and eternally there.
Its pathways are roll'd with pavements of gold,
Its palaces shine like the light,
And ever its plains and valleys there wanes
No darkening shadows of night.

Far over the sea, the treacherous sea,
The mad sea of malice and strife,
There dwelleth a Friend whose love without end,
To ransom you offered His life.
His father is King and cherubim sing
His praises forever and aye;
And ever the throne forever hath shone
The light of its fadeless day.

Far over the sea, the wild, wailing sea,
The sad sea of sorrow and sin,
There cometh a cry: "Poor sinner, 'tis I;
Thy soul I am longing to win;
Thou'rt worn and oppress; come, sleep on the breast
The pierced, and that hung on a tree,
That sorrows might cease and mortals gain peace
By casting their burdens on Me."

ERNEST E. LEION.

The Indian Burial Ground.

(Lake Couchiching.)

For Saturday Night.

Silent as thoughts that come and go
The snow flakes fall upon the mounds,
And over them the hemlocks bend
Their piled and tufted weights of snow,
Till all is robed in purest white
Like down for an seraphs' wings,
And shadowy plumes of purity
Transcend all earthly things.

Then from earth's shroud to sunlit blue
A flock of snowbirds rise,
Like glistening wings of spirit land
Swift vanishing from view,
Of tender gray, the subtle tints
Upon the beech tree's bark;
The wild rose scarlet berries shine,
Gaunt olive mosses dark,
Some unseen hand the twigs have tipped
Of yonder drooping birch,
A scintillating shower falls
Of wonders past research.

EDITH CARTER.

Ode of the Bolivar.

(RUDYARD KIPLING'S LATEST.)

Seven men from all the world back to port again;
Rolling down the Ratcliffe road, drunk and raising Cain;
"Give the girls another drink 'fore we sign away,
We that took the Bolivar out across the bay.

We put out from Sunderland loaded down with rail,
We put back to Sunderland 'one our cargo shifted;
We put out from Sunderland—and the timber gales,
Seven days and seven nights off the Start we drifted.

Rocketing her rivets loose, smoke stack white as snow,
All the coals adrift on deck, half the rails below;
Leaking like a lobster pot, steering like a dray;
Out we took the Bolivar, out across the bay.

One by one the lights came up, winked and let us by,
Mile by mile we waddled on, coal and fo'csle short;
Man a liver shot his load down, heard a hulk stand by,
Left the Wolf behind us with a two-foot list to port.

Trailing like a wounded duck, working out her soul,
Changing like a smithy shop after every roll;
Just a funnel and a mast lurching through the spray,
So we threshed the Bolivar out across the bay.

Felt her hog and felt her sag; betted when she'd break;
Wondered every time she raced if she'd stand the shock;
Heard the seas like drunken men pounding at her strake;
Hoped the Lord 'ud keep his thumb on the plumber block.

Banged against the iron deck, bilges choked with coal;
Flayed and frozen hand and foot, sick of heart and soul;
Lest we prayed she'd buck herself into Judgment Day;
Hi! we cursed the Bolivar knocking round the bay.

Oh! her nose flung up to sky, groaning to be still,
Up and down and back we went, never time for breath;
Then the seams let go and Lloyds caught her in the keel
And the stars ran round and round, dancing at our death.

Aching for an hour's sleep, dozing off between;
Heard the rotten rivets draw when she took it green;
Watched the compass chase its tail like a cat at play,
That was on the Bolivar south across the bay.

Once we saw between the squalls, lying head to swell;
Mad with work and weariness, wishing they was we,
Some damned liner's lights go by like a great hotel;
Cheered her from the Bolivar swamping in the sea.

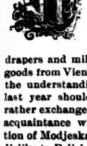
Then a gray back laid us out, then the skipper laughed:
"Boys! the wheel has gone to hell, rig the winches aft,
Yoke the kicking tiller head! get her under way."
So we steered her pully-haul out across the bay.

Just a pack of rotten planes, puttied up with tar,
In we came and just in time cross Bilbao Bar,
Overland, undermanned, meant to founder, we
Knocked God Almighty's storm, blinded the Eternal Sea."

Seven men from all the world back to town again,
Rolling down the Ratcliffe road drunk and raising Cain
Seven men from out of hell—" Ain't the owners gay
'Cause we took the Bolivar safe across the bay."

St. James' Budget

Between You and Me.



READ a pathetic little note in a fashion magazine the other day to the effect that every female in Poland wears mourning during the present year, to commemorate the centennial of the loss of Polish independence. The drapers and milliners last year brought their goods from Vienna, that Paris of the east, with the understanding that what were not sold last year should be this year taken back, or rather exchanged for black goods. We, whose acquaintance with Poles is limited to admiration of Modjeska and Paderewski, and strong dislike to Polish navvies, can scarcely sympathize with this interesting and faithful people in their national mourning, but no one doubts that, in this fourth generation, there lives true patriotism and longing for the political independence which their fathers fought and died for one hundred years ago.

*

If any of my readers want a cute idea for an evening party let them read this: Twenty ladies and a like number of gentlemen are invited; the men come in evening dress, and the ladies are masked, and dressed to represent the name of some well known book. Across the gentlemen's invitations must be written "Circulating Library," and as they greet the hostess she presents each of them with a catalogue of the books represented, and a list of dances, on a folded programme, which is headed "The Good Boy's Library." Then, the gentlemen identify the characters with the various names on the list, and blindly select their partners and fill up their programmes as usual. A few of the books which are easy and pretty to represent are Woman in White, Golden Butterfly, Hypatia, Princess of Thule, The Amber White, The Sea Queen, A Sailor's Sweetheart, In Silk Attire, Nada, the Lily, That Lass o' Lowries, Dorothy Fox, The Fair Maid of Perth, and a host of others which would be easily identified. The ladies remove their masks at supper and if the disguise and intonation have been well studied and carried out, some genuine surprises would certainly follow.

*

Do you ever come across a statement which, while made in all seriousness by a well meaning and earnest individual, strikes you as something exquisitely ridiculous. I remember once hearing a lachrymose widow remark in speaking of her late husband, "Yes, John's been dead and buried ten years; he was always such a man for heat! You couldn't make a big enough fire to please him. Well, he's happy now!" This was said with such awful unconsciousness and in the speaker's usual inconsequent style, that none of us dared to laugh. We were quite shocked at our own evil thoughts. I believe we laughed later, though, when Mrs. John had retired.

*

I was reminded of this peculiar woman as I read old Mrs. Beecher's recollections of her husband, which she has been induced to make the property of the public. I wish some one would tell her to stop! The latest confidential disclosure is that Mr. Beecher ate a good deal, if the food was agreeable, and used to praise the cooking; that he was in the habit of laying down the law about how food should be prepared, and that if he found certain things disagreed with him he wouldn't eat them, and last and most wonderful, he was fond of boasting that he could broil steak and make coffee as well as anyone! Well, I lived through the Tilton scandal, and preserved my reverence for the reverend gentleman, but Mrs. Beecher has nearly wrecked it. To think that Mr. Beecher would preach through breakfast on how to poach eggs, or through lunch compel his patient family to listen to his bluffs about his unrivalled culinary skill! Why, even Mr. Gay knows better than to act like that!

*

There is one institution in our Canadian social life which needs remodeling, and that is the chaperone. I don't mean the old timer who sits and nods until the party breaks up, but the married woman who pretends to take charge of unmarried girls at parties and routs, who brings them in her carriage, or in the car if she doesn't own a carriage, or perhaps who meets them in the ball-room or dressing-room with a careless "Oh, here you are!" and thereby begins and ends her duties. To remodel the chaperone would appear a decided mistake to some girls—those girls who spend half hours or hours in nooks and corners with their last conquest, who have to be hunted for by heated and impatient partners who are answered by the chaperone, when they desperately inquire the whereabouts of her charges, "I haven't the least idea—haven't seen her this hour or two." Then there is another chaperone, who dances every dance and finds on her return to her rendezvous her neglected and disconsolate girl or girls standing bored and overlooked, awaiting her. Could not there be a sort of mutual consideration and a consequent increase of defence on the obligation between the girl of to day and her *fin de siecle* chaperone? If Mollie would keep her rendezvous and madame would see that the girl has enough attention to make her happy, if Mollie would be a little less independent, and madame a little more solicitous, I think the office of chaperone might be more of a reality than it often is at the present time of writing.

*

"Oh, it's a shocking book, but it's in French, and no one knows what's in it at home. Besides, I got it in the library," said a young girl yesterday, as she stepped on the car, with a small volume in her hand. I don't know whether she was simply talking for effect, or whether there are French books in our library which wouldn't be tolerated in an English garb, but such a thing would not surprise me.

A smart young Frenchman told me, in all seriousness, that the principal buyers of low literature in Paris are Americans, and many of these of the gentler sex!

LADY GAY.

He Wanted to Know

"I see," remarked Mr. Stockyard of Chicago "that the Venus de Milo is to be here during the Fair."

"Do Milo," replied Mr. Riverscomb thoughtfully; "I don't know that I ever heard of her. What's her specialty?"

Individualities.

Three hundred women in the United States own establishments for the raising of flowers and plants.

The parliaments of two States in the German Empire have voted favorably on the admission of women to higher education.

Twenty young women, skilled in the use of the microscope, have been employed by the government as pork inspectors at Kansas City.

One third of the women of Germany and Austria are said to support themselves, and half of those who are married help in gainful occupations.

A biographer of Phillips Brooks, writing from personal acquaintance with the distinguished Massachusetts divine, says that he has always been a notably diffident man, distrustful of his ability. It is rather singular that Mrs. Beecher, in her memoirs, makes practically the same statement about the great Brooklyn preacher.

Louis Diebler, "Monsieur de Paris," who is soon to relinquish his office because of old age, has been for forty years the chief executioner of France, and in that time he has decapitated not fewer than two hundred murderers. His trade has made him detested by his acquaintances, but he has the practical consolation of a fortune of $120,000 amassed by it, and for the rest of his life a pension will be paid him. He is now seventy years of age.

Professor Fowler, the phrenologist, is reported to have said once that the great mental and physical vigor of Gladstone's old age is due most of all to his ability to fall asleep at any time and on any occasion, in spite of the anxieties and cares of the day. It was mentioned in this column some time ago that the only occasion when the "Grand Old Man" was ever worried into sleeplessness was at the time of the excitement in England over Gordon's fate.

Aimee Tessandier, who has become Madame Bernhardt's successor in the Comedie Francaise, in Paris, is the daughter of a Bordeaux laborer, and her childhood was one of great poverty and wretchedness. She was a mature woman before she was attracted to the footlights, and her first appearance on the stage was an absolute failure. Her subsequent success, which finally brought her a pronounced triumph as the greatest Lady Macbeth of the day, was won against the severest obstacles.

Grand Duke Constantine, uncle of the Czar of Russia and father of the Queen of Greece, who died recently, would probably have had his career cut short prematurely had he lived in the last century instead of in the present. At several periods he was suspected of conspiring against the reigning emperor, and under conditions that would have been likely to cost his life under the old *regime*. As it was, he was stripped of his honors more than once. He was the acknowledged chief of the old Muscovite party, and, as such, was extremely popular with a large proportion of Russians.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria has been growing more and more eccentric ever since the tragic death of Crown Prince Rudolf, and her condition now is such as to make it necessary to consider plans for her care in the near future. The emperor cause-l to be built for her a fairy-like marble villa on the Island of Corfu, hoping that the change of scene and the natural beauties of the spot would distract her mind; but she has apparently become tired of Corfu and has returned to Go dollo, whither the Austrian Court has been removed temporarily on account of the epidemic of influenza at Vienna.

England's favorite artist of the present day, L. Alma-Tadema, is a man of Dutch parentage, for he was born in Friesland, and is the son of a notary. It is a fact of additional interest that Hubert Herkomer, another artist of great popularity in England, was born in Germany. Tadema is a man of ruddy complexion, who affects the style of mustache and goatee to which the third Napoleon gave its name. On his head, only partly hidden by the hair, is a noticeable scar, which he received in boyhood. The scar is said to be a mark of remarkable industry, working on his canvas as Trollope worked on his books, with unremitting toil, and frequently snatching a little extra time for his easel from his dinner hour.

Queen Victoria likes to travel; but, unfortunately for the comfort and peace of mind of those about her, she has ideas of her own respecting the arrangements. She has a deep-rooted aversion to permitting her faithful subjects to catch a glimpse of her as the royal train rumbles past railway stations, and the detail of the journey are the subject of careful study long before the start. She is going to Costebelle in the early part of March, and the plans already perfected for the trip show what a formidable undertaking it is. Two hotels have been hired for her use during her stay, and the guests have received notice to vacate their rooms three weeks before her expected arrival. The paper is to be taken off the walls of the bedrooms, and they are to be lined washed in light blue, while the furniture is to be sent from Windsor Castle.

Margaret, Dowager Lady Sandhurst, was one of the women who came near realizing the idea of the political salon in London. Her drawing-rooms were crowded at her receptions with the leaders of the Liberal party, and also with the foremost advocates of women's rights, in which she was a firm believer. But there was a more remarkable side to her life. She maintained several private hospitals in which the sick poor were treated. She was a firm believer in some inexplicable healing power by the laying on of hands, and herself would treat the patients with magnetism, hypnotism, or whatever it may be called. A visitor described her at a refuge for children thus: "Her whole heart was in the work of this refuge, and before we had been five minutes in the room the pitiful band of children had crawled and limped and wheeled themselves up to her with loud exclamations of pleasure. Lady Sandhurst's usually somewhat stern features relaxed into the kindliest of smiles, and soon she was massaging and magnetizing, with a big apron tied around her, while the babies under treatment cooed and chattered." Her death was sudden, as she often wished that it might be.

Bust-Up

The half-breed man with his hair combed down so as to cover one-half of a scarred face that was minus an eye, stopped the droning Indian song he was singing and looked with his remaining eye across the plain at a speck a little larger than a bull-dog fly, which Crazy Squaw, his companion, drew his attention to. "Stage coach," he told her in the Indian tongue, and then they both shuffled through the short buffalo grass towards a trading post, a cow boys' and miners' rendezvous about four hundred yards off, so as to be at Dutch Billy's hotel and supply shanty when the stage arrived; for a tender-foot was a sight for the man minus an eye, and Crazy Squaw was there for business, for was she not Bust-Up's washerwoman? I don't know why the settlement was called Bust-Up, unless it was that a great number were continually being "busted up" at the faro bank, which was run by a big raw-boned bully called Dog Pete, who was noted for his marvelous streaks of luck. Besides the faro bank, there was a dance house and saloon, then about two dozen shanties, and one of the best corrals that could be found for a hundred miles each way. This is what made Bust-up, for all bull whackers who were driving through would stop, corral, and then divide their wealth between the faro bank, dance house, and Dutch Billy's Grand Pacific Hotel and supply shanty. The Grand Pacific, as Dutch Billy called his shanty, was a long, low, logged building divided into three compartments. The first, the one facing the main street—in fact, the only street of Bust-Up—contained supplies of all kinds likely to be needed in cowboy and miner life, not forgetting the whisky and the pain-killer, cure-all for man and beast in these parts. The next compartment was the dining-room, which was used at night as a sleeping room, each man taking his blankets and making a shake-down under the table, and woe-betide him who would rise suddenly in the night if he had any regard for his skull. It was said of Billy when he housed tender-feet that he would wait until they were in the land of dreams and then fire off his gun; this would mean as many bumped heads as tender-feet and a sure sale for pain-killer. The next and last compartment was the kitchen, run by Mrs. Dutch Billy, a coolie, and an Indian boy. This description will give you a fair idea of the Grand Pacific, run on the European plan or three dollars per day. Billy, a good-natured, fat, bald-headed Dutchman, was postmaster, grocer, bartender, hotel clerk, and bell-boy. A party of some thirty or forty cowboys, miners, a few Indians and half-breeds were divided up between the dance house and Billy's, when Crazy Squaw and the man minus an eye shuffled into line as the stage cracked and creaked over a patch of gravel fifty yards up the trail. Big Hank straightened up in the boot and with a flourish cracked his long whip, while the little crowd gave a good hearty cheer of welcome as he pulled up in front of the Grand Pacific. Tossing the ribbons to one of the bystanders, he got down from his seat, opened the coach door and assisted to the ground a tall slim man with a black crutch,

"STAGE COACH," HE TOLD HER IN THE INDIAN TONGUE.

and a no less important person than a parson. While Billy was welcoming his guests to Bust-Up, Big Hank was shaking hands and trying to answer the numerous questions put to him by the men.

"Say, Hank, where did you strike his gospel nibbs? Have you got religion yet?" asked Joe Picket.

"I don't see what that bloke's going to do around here; and what's hop-and-go one going to do?" said Dog Pete.

"Say, look here, Pete," said Big Hank, "that fellow with the black crutch is a square head, anyhow, and just out here looking for a location."

"He looks like a man, I reckon," drawled Sam Scarlet.

Pete growled and looked savage, but Sam, who was plaiting a quirt, the short riding-whip used by cowboys, did not see the look. Big Hank pulled the mail bag out of the boot and made his way into the store, followed by most of the men. Crazy Squaw shortly emerged, in luck to the extent of four shirts and as many pairs of socks; then, as she and the man minus an eye started for their lodge, the man with the black crutch stumped into supper, followed by the parson. Dog Pete slouched back to his den to prepare for the night's game, while Sam Scarlet tied the final knot in his quirt as the sun went down.

* * * * * *

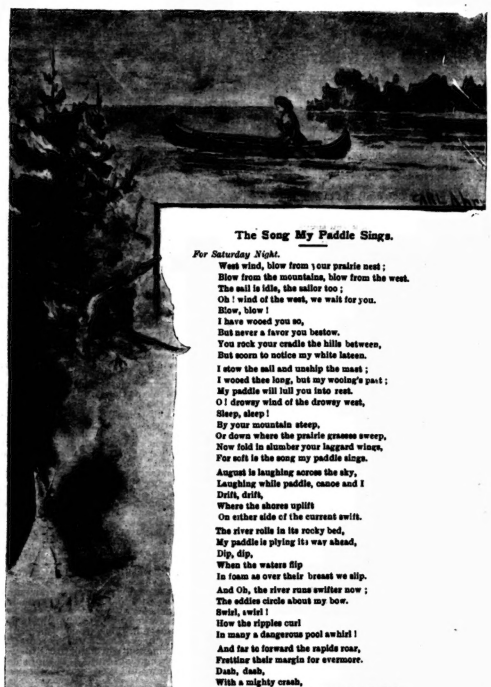
Bust-Up was a little over three years old. About a year and a half after the place had been started by Joe Picket and a few others, Peter Graham, or as he was afterwards called, Dog Pete, a name given him by the Indians, arrived with fifty head of jaded-looking horses that gave evidence of hard driving. He came, he said, to start a horse ranch, and would keep adding to his stock if he liked the location. He had as companion and herder an evil-looking rascal—the man minus an eye. This is all that was known about Dog Pete. None knew of him, nor whence he came. He had money, lots of it, and that settled it. In their hearts the men disliked him, but openly they were his friends. Dog Pete was not an ignorant man, for well he knew the power of his golden God, the God that opens the gate to all earthly joys, but fails to move one bar that guards the portals of Heaven. From the time of his arrival to the opening of our story, he, accompanied by the man minus an eye, had made frequent journeys, always returning with from fifty to seventy-five head of horses, well winded and as thin as rails, but of first-class stock. His herd now numbered, with the increase, some three hundred head, and it took the man minus an eye and Crazy Squaw (whom he had taken unto himself as a wife shortly after his arrival) all their time to manage them. Dog Pete had a private graveyard for all inquisitive newcomers, and was lying low to know what business the man with the black crutch and the parson were in those parts for. He told the men that it was always well to keep their eyes well peeled for those horse thieves. But the man with the black crutch and the parson made friends of all, the parson making fair religious headway as well, converting Mrs. Dutch Billy, the Indian boy, and Crazy Squaw, but coming to a short stop on the coolie, who said as his reason for not being converted: "Me convertee, no gettee time make chow-chow; play play amen too muchee time."

Sam Scarlet had arrived in Bust-Up about a month prior to the arrival of the man with the black crutch and the parson, and as little was known about Sam as of Pete, but he was well liked, paid his way, and put in most of his time plaiting bull whips and quirts; he, the man with the black crutch, and the parson, soon became fast friends and were continually together, excepting when the parson was trying to teach Crazy Squaw to sing Hold The Fort, much to the disgust of the man minus an eye. One night about a month after the arrival of the newcomers, the wind was moaning its weird song as Dog Pete and the man minus an eye started off towards the latter's lodge, followed at a short distance by the man with the black crutch, Sam Scarlet, and the parson. Most of the men were in Billy's when this piece of information was tendered by Joe Picket, but very little attention was paid to it as an interesting game of poker was then in full blast. Next morning there was some stir when it was found that none of the men spoken of the night before had returned, and as it was approaching sun down and still none of them came, the population of Bust-Up became very uneasy. Just as the sun all crimson gold had reached the horizon, Red Jacket, a blood Indian rode, up to Billy's in search of the man minus an eye, and upon the men questioning him it was found that his lodge was empty and that he, Crazy Squaw, and all the horses were gone. In a few moments Joe Picket, accompanied by about twenty of the men, was mounted and speeding towards the empty corral to take up the trail made by Dog Pete's horses, and find out what it all meant. The trail was broad, well marked, and easy to follow, although the mysterious mantle of night was fast enveloping the plains, but the men knew that the moon would soon be up, so they settled down for an all night ride, little expecting to solve the mystery before daybreak. They had ridden about five miles and were just passing "lone pine," a dead pine tree standing a short distance from a clump of cotton wood, the only timber to be found for miles around, when one of the men's horses shied and almost made a complete bolt with him; Joe Picket's horse stood still and trembled like a leaf, before two gruesome figures swinging from one of the limbs of lone pine and silhouetted against the western sky. One was Dog Pete, the other the man minus an eye; and on the breast of each was fastened a placard inscribed, "murderer, road agent, and horse thief" and the names of three noted ranchmen whom we know as the man with the black crutch, Sam Scarlet, and the parson; and directly in front of them, stuck fast in the ground, was a black crutch. The men were awed in the presence of grim King Death, although they had often faced him without flinching.

"Boys," at last spoke Joe Picket, "those fellows took a nasty job out of our hands," and the men in their hearts felt thankful.

The search was ended, the mystery explained and the men were just turning their horses towards Bust-Up when an unearthly scream rent the air, at which the horses all took fright and tore away like mad towards the post. Most of the men were superstitious and did not attempt to stop them, so Bust-Up was the point aimed at by both horses and riders. But the cause of the stampede was only poor faithful Crazy Squaw, who was with grief as mad as her name implied. She ran from the clump of cotton wood towards the swinging forms; she was there to protect her dead from birds of prey. But just as she reached the black crutch her heart-cords burst and she dropped dead. The red-gold moon rose above the horizon, its light glinting on the three glaring eyes of the dead horse thieves, a black crutch and the prostrate figure on the ground. The men reached Bust-Up just as the stage coach arrived, and were met with the news from Big Hank that it was his last trip, as the stage company had given orders for him to go by another route, just opened into a place called The Golden Gates, which although just started could boast of a population of about four hundred. This piece of news sealed the fate of Bust-Up, and in a week's time a train of some thirty canvas-topped wagons was wending its way towards The Golden Gates. And now through the long nights the wolves howl through the street of a deserted village, for Bust-Up is bust up.

CARL AHRENS.



The Song My Paddle Sings.

For Saturday Night.

West wind, blow from your prairie nest;
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
Oh! wind of the west, we wait for you.
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favor you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail and unship the mast;
I wooed thee long, but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest.
O! drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep!
By your mountain steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep,
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I
Drift, drift,
Where the shores uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed,
My paddle is plying its way ahead,
Dip, dip,
When the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And Oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow.
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!

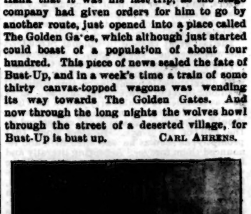
And far is forward the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Rest, rest,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapid we're ar ahead;
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.



His Mind Would Change

"They say that truth is stranger than fiction, you know."

"Yes; but you ought to read Kipling."

Breaking the News

Mrs. Bingo (severely)—I should like to know where you were last night?

Bingo—Well, if the truth must be told, I was playing poker with Kingley, and my dear, the last jack pot I bet him a new bonnet for you against a new bonnet for his wife.

Mrs. Bingo—Yes, my dear; and who won?

Bingo—Well, you just wait until you see his wife next Sunday.

A Grand Plan.

"How do you make your paper go, anyhow? I never see it anywhere."

"We print pictures of prominent men, and they buy it."

"To distribute?"

"Oh, no; to destroy!"

FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

THE LUCKY PEARL.

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

CHAPTER I.

THE COLONEL'S EVOLUTION.

A strongly marked individuality, conspicuous in the most lively reminiscences of the people of St. Mary's county, Maryland, is that of Colonel Francis Calvert Strouders. He was known to every one, hated by a few, loved by many more, and—at least during his riper manhood—respected by all. But for his name being used as that of the hero, it would seem almost impossible that all the ta'es told of him could be true of one and the same person; and yet it is not difficult to harmonize them, and even without dates being given them, to assign them in each to its proper period in his life, when it was clearly characteristic of the man, after once one has learned the stages of his mental and moral evolution. Colonel Strouders came of one of the oldest and best families of Maryland and was a good type of the development of the social aristocracy to which he belonged. From his father, "the Squire," he had inherited not only a handsome fortune in land and slaves, but an ample stock of family pride, arrogance and rather absurd notions about the freeness to his patrician self of the laws and regulations made for plebeians. While a young man, his will, occasionally his self-respect and more often regardless of the opinions of his class, were the only trammels upon his actions that he recognized, and they were worn with easy insolence. He lived then simply to enjoy life, after the wild, reckless, dissolute, free-handed fashion at that time deemed quite natural and permissible for a spirited young Southern blade. Through no innate viciousness, but simply in conformity to the life of the set in which he moved, he drank, fought, gambled, and indulged the wildest freaks of practical joking, ran horse-races, fought game cocks and, in short, gave him-self up without reserve to what his sensual appetites and the fancy of the moment suggested. And, as he was naturally endowed with an unusual amount of energy, it seemed as if in all those things he went beyond his companions and became their leader.

The habits thus formed he continued on in his early manhood, even after some at least of the more serious duties of life and its responsibilities were devolved upon him by the death of his father. In business, when his attention was compelled to it, he was rather hard and little regardful of others in the enforcement of what he conceived his rights. Humanity appeared to him upon three planes; the slaves, of course, upon the lowest, himself and his class occupying the highest, and intermediate, but rather to the slaves than to other white persons. Consequently his perceptions of the inherent rights of others were exclusively confined, in application, to those he chose to recognize as of his own class. To the lower social orders, white and black, he only accorded such consideration as pleased his glorious whim, without admitting that any was absolutely their due from him.

But the Civil War—in which he took an active part, accordant with his convictions—made some very material changes in his way of looking at things. It set him to real thinking and widened the horizon of his ideas. Then the abolition of slavery shook him up a great deal. At first he was furiously enraged over the loss of his slaves, but upon reflection came to the conclusion that he was rather a gainer by the change. Slavery was no longer a paying institution in the border States, except under such possible conditions as he was now too humane and liberal to maintain. To hire labor and be quit of the care of the unprofitable young, sick and aged was a much pleasanter way of getting money in his pocket. With that once demonstrated mathematically, he accepted the situation complacently and never after seemed to notice that, though he hired his labor, he went right along caring for the helpless among his dusky dependents just as he had been accustomed to.

Doubtless his daughter, Miss Eunice, had much influence in tempering and softening the crudities and asperities of his disposition. He had tenderly loved her mother—a charming and excellent woman, of the Virginia Fairfax stock—and when she died, seemed to transfer his affection to her infant, the little Eunice, with a jealous fondness that never allowed him peace while she was absent from him. Instead of permitting her to be reared by her relatives who would gladly have assumed the duty, he repulsed, almost angrily, all such proffers.

"No," he said. "It is affirmed by some that good mothers may come back to look upon those dear to them in life. And if Mistress Strouders does, I mean she shall find our little Eunice here, where she belongs and is best loved, in her father's arms."

And not the little girl been sweet and gentle, as her mother was, she would have been spoiled from infancy, so extravagantly was she humored in every childish whim and caprice, and so absolutely unthought was even an idea of contradiction or controlling her. But she grew, as a flower grows, all the more lovely, for the loving care bestowed upon it. Her education was cared for at home, by private tutors, and if her bath of learning was less than the douche that might have been bestowed upon her in a "young ladies' seminary," she doubtless absorbed more good from it.

The last great change in Colonel Strouder's life was when he "got religion,"—a conversion that amazed the county. He was as thoroughly in earnest about that as everything else, and with characteristic precipitancy threw himself headlong into the new current just as soon as he was satisfied it would carry him in the right direction. It was not enough for him that he should turn from what he now recognized as the evil of his ways. He had done that promptly, as soon as he saw their evil, and renounced them forever. Accepting literally and fully the promise, "Repent and ye shall be saved," he had earnestly repented, and thenceforth, so far as he was personally concerned, the matter was settled. But about him, on every side, he saw sinners who had not repented, who were still doing the work of the arch enemy, and he considered it his duty, as a consistent and conscientious soldier of the Cross, to do battle with them, as far as he might, set at naught their evil work. He could do nothing as a preacher. That was not in his line. But that which he could, and did do, was to fight wrong, even physically, as a manifestation of the Evil One, wherever he encountered it. And nothing now awoke so quickly and fervently his righteous indignation as such acts of injustice and inhumanity as he himself would, in his younger days, have viewed with tolerance or even approval, as belonging to class right. The brotherhood of man had become a fundamental principle of his Christianity.

CHAPTER II.

One bleak afternoon in December, Colonel Strouders drove up to Lasseiter's store to purchase some household supplies, and, entering Barham's store on his business, found the place unusually crowded and rather an exciting situation presented. Captain Eli Field, an oyster-dredger, of established bad reputation as one of the most brutal ruffians of his generally objectionable class, was noisily and profanely bullying and threatening a tall, thin, tow-headed, blue-eyed and rather good-looking young fellow, who stood at bay in a corner. Behind the captain, inciting and backing him, were three other vicious fellows of his sort, masters of oyster-dredging boats, his comrades and boon companions. The young fellow held a two-pound weight in one hand, rather a poor weapon, but sufficient as yet to make the captain hesitate about assaulting him. At least a dozen men stood in the background, either indifferent to the issue or afraid to interfere.

"What's the dispute here?" demanded the colonel, pushing his way to the front. "What are you four pillies on one lone?"

The captain, with a foul oath, replied that the young fellow was a thief and had been stealing from him.

"That is a lie, sir!" earnestly protested the accused lad. "I never stole anything in my life."

"The pearl was mine, and you stole it," shouted the captain; "and if you don't make it good in me I'll cut your liver out!"

"There'll be no cutting of livers here, without my taking a hand in the carving," interposed Colonel Strouders, with decision, taking possession of a huge corn-knife, from a shelf behind the counter. Then, seating himself on the head of a flour barrel and giving the scythe-like blade a dexterous swing, which caused the immediate clearing of a space before him, he judicially demanded to hear the merits of the case. "Because one thief at a time."

"Yesterday evening," he said, "I came ashore to get a tooth drawed, leaving this chap, one of my men, aboard the bug eye Jim Crow. He filled himself up with oysters as soon as my back was turned."

"If you hadn't starved me I wouldn't have et 'em, and you knowed I had good reason to have had some bread and meat. I couldn't have et more'n half a bushel, anyway; and there on the table in the thirty five cents I've offered you, pay for a bushel, as much as you'd get in Baltimore," interjected the young man.

"Paying me with my own money, you—thief. I left you aboard without a cent, barefoot and with hardly enough clothes on to wad a gun, and I find you here dressed up like a gentleman, and next to your pocket to make a bluff of paying me. And yet you say you hain't been stealing!"

"Hold on," interposed the colonel. "Didn't I understand you to say this young chap was barefoot, almost naked—starving too, he says—and him calling oysters on your bug-eye, in the weather we've been having?"

"Yes. Why shouldn't he?" snarled Captain Field.

"Because it was inhuman treatment. I never would have treated a nigger so."

"D'ye expect me to dress my crew up in chincilly overcoats and fur gloves and feed 'em on fried chicken?"

"No. I know your reputation, and would expect anything good from you, sir. I think, if the devil ever had a worthy representative, you are one, and you ought to be drowned, sir. Come, young man, let us hear your side of the case. How did you get clothes and money?"

"In one of the oys'ers I found a black pearl, for which a gentleman gave me twenty five dollars about two hours ago, as this storekeeper here will bear me witness. (Mr. Barham nodded affirmatively.) I paid a quarter for a pair of socks, a dollar and a half for these shoes; ten dollars for this suit; seven for this overcoat and half a dollar for a square meal, the first I've had in six weeks. The balance of the money—all but them thirty-five cents—I've got."

"And it's mine, and all you'regot on is mine, for the pearl was mine, and you stole it. Shuck yourself, quick, or I'll break your back!" exclaimed the brute, making a threatening movement forward, urged on by his backers' chorus of "Go in and 'do h'm anyhow, Eli."

But Colonel Strouders swung the big corn knife with such assured freedom of action that Captain Field stepped back precipitately.

"Look here, tow-head," said the colonel to the lad, "do you think that being in the right will help you to whip this big bully?"

"If I had a fair chance, I believe I could, sir. Anyhow I'd like to try."

"You shall have a fair chance, I pledge you my word, sir. I respect you for the desire. If you don't whip him, I will. You look to me like a fighting stock. There's good blood in you and anybody can see there's bad in him. Good blood wships bad every time."

"Fight! I don't fight niggers," growled the captain, backing away. "I only fight with my equals; not with niggers, white or black."

"Stop, sir! stop!" cried the colonel; "you will cowhide you like a hound, sir. And you will not only give him satisfaction but pay him. How much does he owe you for wages, young man?"

"He promised me fourteen a month, sir. Six weeks makes twenty one dollars."

"I can't afford to pay him no such wages as that."

"You promised them."

"Well, what if I did? I don't owe him a cent, anyway. The pearl he stole was worth twice as much."

"In the ordinary course of trade, the pearl would have belonged to whoever bought the oyster containing it. He did, and there is your pay. You have no claim on him for it. Still I am going to give you a chance to earn it. Put up in Barham's hands the amount you owe the boy and I will put up the amount you got for the pearl. If he whips you he takes his wages. If you whip him, you take all. Understand, you have got to fight, sir."

The captain's friends, eager to see the fray and confident of his ability to conquer the lad, urged him too.

"You've got to, Eli," they said. "You can't back water now, nohow."

Very reluctantly the bully submitted to fate. The battle took place in Barham's back yard, and Colonel Strouders was their judge of play. No prize-ring rules obtained. It was a "rough-and-tumble," without breathing-spell or cessation from start to finish; fierce, fast and furious. The captain had size, weight and age to his advantage, but the tow headed lad had quickness, nervous energy, stubborn endurance and better pluck. Hard and long was the strife, but when it ended, Victory perched—as she sometimes does by way of novelty—on the right side.

CHAPTER III.

MAKING A MAN.

Colonel Strouders, delighted with the lad's effective "drawing" of one of Satan's choice emissaries—as he regarded Captain Field—adopted him as a *protégé* immediately after the battle and took him home. On the road he asked:

"By the way, who are you?"

"My name, sir, is Wilbur Jocelyn."

"Where were you raised at?"

"Up about Hagerstown. My father died when I was very little. Then we sort o' run on. I lost my mother when I was going thirteen. Since then I've lived around as I could. I worked around the country six or seven years, at anything I could get to do. Then I drifted down to Baltimore. There Captain Field picked me up in October. He said oyster dredging was nice work and promised me fourteen dollars a month, some warm clothes and good food. He lied every way, treated me like a slave, and as long as he was aboard gave me no chance to run away."

"You never learned any trade?"

"I never learned anything, sir; except that it's a mighty hard world for a poor boy to get along alone in."

Upon arriving at his home, the colonel made his new protégé known to his daughter Eunice.

When Miss Eunice learned from her father the story of the young fellow's bitter wrongs and his valiant behavior, she pitied him as a martyr and admired him as a hero. And when the marks of his conflict had been effaced, she found that Wilbur Jocelyn was by no means an ill-looking young fellow. His soft, light hair was disposed to arrange itself in silky little curls and waves about his large white forehead, which gave at least good promise of brain capacity behind it; his blue eyes had a pleasingly frank expression, and there were excellent indications of energy and determination in his somewhat prominent nose, firm mouth and broad, square jaw. As for his figure, it was tall, but so slender that as yet it could hardly be regarded as more than a very good framework for future building upon. Very rapidly, under the invigorating influences by which he now was surrounded, he shook off the rude manners and often uncouth—though never vulgar—speech he had acquired during his years of misfortune.

"There is good in that young chap," said the old colonel, "he has had a good mother. Anybody with half an eye could see that. And, for all he has gone through, he has kept a clean mind—rather a rare thing in young men nowadays. He ought to have a fair chance in the world, and, please God, I mean he shall, if I can give it to him."

So it was made Eunice's agreeable duty, that winter, to "try and teach him something." And he was hungry with desire to learn. His mother had taught him to read and write a little, but for lack of use he had almost lost these accomplishments. The former he picked up readily again, but his fingers seemed to be all thumbs" when they tried to write, and orthography was a terror to him. "I can learn anything," he averred, "easier than spelling; it seems natural to me to spell as I feel inclined, his written words were models of phonetics, never an unnecessary letter creeping in by any chance. The rules of arithmetic he grasped as if by intuition.

At the start Wilbur rebelled against living what seemed to him the life of an idle dependent. He wanted to "do some kind of work for his keep, at least." Colonel Strouders was compelled to make a compromise with him, to the effect that his maintenance should be publicly charged against him, and when he was better equipped mentally to go out and do battle with the world, he should be allowed to discharge the debt. With that understanding settled, the young fellow set to work studying with surprising ardor and unwavering application. Day and night, early and late, he applied himself to his books; accepting and mastering with apparent ease all the tasks Eunice could set for him—except in writing and spelling.

"Let me learn facts," he would plead, "things of real use, and I'll put the finish on myself. I have more than half done. His orthography was in poring over a Mechanical Encyclopedia, in which all sorts of machines were described, with full explanations of the principles involved and diagrams of their parts. That book fascinated him.

Not until July was he permitted to leave the colonel's fostering care and undergo trial of his new strength. Then the old man told him:

"Go, now, my boy, and see what you can do. Strike some new field of labor. Test, or the awakening South. Don't stay in the East, where men are fighting for the privilege of being hired slaves. People are too thick in these parts. Go where do your own thinking and understrike. Never fear aspiring too high, or daring too much. A man's soul can conceive nothing beyond his attainment, if he has the will to deserve success. Get wealth if you can, but never forget that an upright life and clean conscience are better than riches."

Eunice did not presume to give advice, but only a few words of heart-felt wishes for his happiness and success. Indeed, she could not trust herself to say much to the young man she was going away. How lightly he seemed to look upon their parting! Did he only think of her as his teacher—nothing more? It was glad she would have been of some sign, however faint, upon which she might base the hope that he would hold her in a tenderer remembrance. But he gave none. His blue eyes only looked a smiling farewell to her, and his voice was steady, with no tone but sincere gratitude in it that her expectant hearing could catch, as he said:

"Good-bye, Miss Eunice; I hope you will not be ashamed of your pupil."

But in the car bearing him away to Washington, the first stage on his journey, he related the story of the fight he had held upon himself in that parting, and, with firmly set jaws and determination glowing in his eyes, repeated mentally: "Never fear aspiring too high or daring too much. That was what the colonel said. And when I have made somebody of myself, you will learn, Miss Eunice, to what I can aspire and how much I dare—even winning you."

The idea that she might not wait to be won by her lover once occurred to him. He possessed that magic of self-confidence which commands the acquiescence of Fate.

CHAPTER IV.

A TEMPTATION.

Birmingham, the industrial center of the "New South," was the young man's objective point. He had learned that earnest workers were in demand there, particularly in the various branches of iron working, the employment to which he had elected to devote himself. No one who has not felt it can all appreciate such a thing as a love for machines, not for their value or what they do, but simply as machines—a passion that makes its possessor happy in planning, constructing, inventing, even in seeing them. Wilbur Jocelyn had it. The Mechanical Encyclopedia had sunk deep into his heart, and he was determined to be a machinist.

The little hotel in which he found temporary lodging, upon his arrival in Birmingham, was not one likely to tempt a fastidious tourist; but those he saw about it, though rough, seemed an honest lot; the prices were reasonable, and he deemed the shelter good enough for him, at least until he found work. Many a worse place had he slept in—on the oyster "bug eye," in Gotlance.

After supper, finding himself unable to read comfortably by the light of one candle in his room, he sat down to the public office for perusal a book he had picked up on the road. Its attractive title was The Steam Engine, and though it was simply a cunning advertising dodge—which he was as yet too innocent to discover—it contained a deal of really valuable information which interested him very much. All one side of the office was occupied by the bar; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the "office" consisted of a small counter in the big room mainly occupied by the bar. Under the light of a lamp on the counter Wilbur sat and himself and read, indifferent to and apparently unconscious of all that went on about him. Men did a lively business; men got drunk and shouted. Once there was a fight; but he did not even look up. Again and again, jovial fellows, compassionating the young chap's apparent loneliness, invited him to drink; but he declined, and managed to do it, too, in such a way as to avoid giving offence—which is a much less easy thing than it may seem to one who has never tried it under such circumstances. Late in the evening, the young fellow had slackened, Hank Brosnan, the landlord, came out from behind the bar, and laying a hand on his shoulder in a friendly way, said:

"Come, young feller; let's you and I have a quiet drink togetherer."

"Thank you for the invitation," replied Wilbur, looking up with an engaging smile, "but I never drink. I do not know the taste of liquor, and would rather not learn it."

"Sho! Is that so? Well, I won't insist. You're right. Drink is a cussed bad thing when it gets the best of a man. But men will have it when they get used to it. I only take it when I feel as if I needed it. I feel that way now."

He returned behind the bar, drank moodily, and after a few minutes came back near to Jocelyn, seated himself, and asked:

"Got a job here?"

"No; not yet."

"Want one?"

"Yes. That is what I came for."

"I see you read, and, of course, you write!"

"I'm afraid writing is my weak point," laughed Jocelyn. "My fingers don't take kindly to a pen."

"But you can write so's it can be read?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, that's as much as I can do myself. Know a business when you see it?"

"I have studied the theory of it, and think I may say I understand it, but have had no practice."

"You know enough to get along, I'll bet. Say, young feller, I like your looks, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you twenty dollars a week and your board, to clerk and tend bar for me. The clerking you'll find easy enough, and I'll spell you behind the bar, and you'll have no trouble. Most that comes here take their liquor straight, and I'll show you how to mix a cocktail, which is all you'll need to know."

Wilbur reflected. It was certainly an offer of better pay than he, an inexperienced stranger, could reasonably have expected, and he was very anxious to begin earning money. He had a horror of bartending; but then, he thought, he might not find work in a machine shop, and if he did, the offer, he could in a little time be free of debt, and even save up something. But it would be time lost, so far as real advancement in life was concerned, and the year he would eventually make wou'd be from a lower level than he stood on now, even if he should have a few more dollars in his pocket. His long silence while thus ruminating was mistaken by the landlord, who resumed persuasively:

"Oh! I don't care about a five dollar note. I'd just as lief make it twenty-five. That difference wouldn't be so much, anyway, as the chap drank that I fired yesterday. He didn't drink nearly at all when I hired him, but when he got the smell of it in his nose all the time and had it free right to his hand, he was full all the time, and I had to give the 'grand bounce.'"

Wilbur Jocelyn's hair almost raised at the consideration of such temptation to come to him like a flash, of the appalling possibilities of such temptation to a weak nature, and their consequences. And though he did not think himself such a weak man, he was too wise to needlessly take such a risk. His mind was made up.

"It was not on that account I hesitated," he answered. "The pay you have offered would be fair for the work, I should think, but I was considering whether I had not better stick to what I have come here for."

Then he went on to tell the landlord frankly of his ambition to become a machinist, and his aversion for liquor-selling being so strong that he could not bring himself to engage in it on any terms.

"Well," responded Mr. Brosnan, "no harm done. I'd think more of you less of your feeling as you do, and I wish you success. But to my way of thinking your notions don't seem exactly practical. I've always kept bar, since I was old enough to hand out a bottle, and my father did before me; and I suppose there's nothing else for me to do, even if I wanted."

"That's just it," interposed Wilbur; "when you are in it once, it holds you; you can't get out. I won'dn't feel that way if I could make a hundred thousand dollars by it."

"You won't get more'n a dollar a day, at first, in a machine shop, and the work is mighty rough and hard."

"So I expect. But the foot that is set firmly on the iron ladder is pretty sure to mount."

(To be Continued.)

$10 00 Round Trip Suspension Bridge to Washington, C. C., on March 15, with privilege of visiting New York via Erie and Lehigh Valley Railways.

Just a few days of recreation gives new life and courage to every person to start their work again, and we have made our rates so very low that it is just as cheap to travel as to stay at home. Reduced rates have also been arranged to all the principal cities in close proximity to Washington. Be sure and see the great horse shoe at Mauch Chunk. On your return home you can visit Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, and it will only cost you four dollars extra to return home via New York. Train will leave Suspension Bridge at 4.40 p.m. Tickets will be on sale at Suspension Bridge. Magnificent vestibule Pullman sleepers will run through to Washington. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

SURPRISE

SOAP

does the wash

without boiling or scalding

a single piece.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

The Celebrated

CHOCOLAT MENIER

Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION LBS.

For Samples sent Free, write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLOU, MONTREAL.

"Oh, yes."

"Well, that's as much as I can do myself. Know a business when you see it?"

"I have studied the theory of it, and think I may say I understand it, but have had no practice."

"You know enough to get along, I'll bet. Say, young feller, I like your looks, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you twenty dollars a week and your board, to clerk and tend bar for me. The clerking you'll find easy enough, and I'll spell you behind the bar, and you'll have no trouble. Most that comes here take their liquor straight, and I'll show you how to mix a cocktail, which is all you'll need to know."

Wilbur reflected. It was certainly an offer of better pay than he, an inexperienced stranger, could reasonably have expected, and he was very anxious to begin earning money. He had a horror of bartending; but then, he thought, he might not find work in a machine shop, and if he did, the offer, he could in a little time be free of debt, and even save up something. But it would be time lost, so far as real advancement in life was concerned, and the year he would eventually make wou'd be from a lower level than he stood on now, even if he should have a few more dollars in his pocket. His long silence while thus ruminating was mistaken by the landlord, who resumed persuasively:

"Oh! I don't care about a five dollar note. I'd just as lief make it twenty-five. That difference wouldn't be so much, anyway, as the chap drank that I fired yesterday. He didn't drink nearly at all when I hired him, but when he got the smell of it in his nose all the time and had it free right to his hand, he was full all the time, and I had to give the 'grand bounce.'"

Wilbur Jocelyn's hair almost raised at the consideration of such temptation to come to him like a flash, of the appalling possibilities of such temptation to a weak nature, and their consequences. And though he did not think himself such a weak man, he was too wise to needlessly take such a risk. His mind was made up.

"It was not on that account I hesitated," he answered. "The pay you have offered would be fair for the work, I should think, but I was considering whether I had not better stick to what I have come here for."

Then he went on to tell the landlord frankly of his ambition to become a machinist, and his aversion for liquor-selling being so strong that he could not bring himself to engage in it on any terms.

"Well," responded Mr. Brosnan, "no harm done. I'd think more of you less of your feeling as you do, and I wish you success. But to my way of thinking your notions don't seem exactly practical. I've always kept bar, since I was old enough to hand out a bottle, and my father did before me; and I suppose there's nothing else for me to do, even if I wanted."

"That's just it," interposed Wilbur; "when you are in it once, it holds you; you can't get out. I won'dn't feel that way if I could make a hundred thousand dollars by it."

"You won't get more'n a dollar a day, at first, in a machine shop, and the work is mighty rough and hard."

"So I expect. But the foot that is set firmly on the iron ladder is pretty sure to mount."

(To be Continued.)

COLD MEDALS PARIS 1878-1889

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS

Numbers for Ladies' use, Medium and Broad Points: 404 M, 166 B, 332 B, 257 F, 352, 351 M, 601 B, 303 M, 908 (oblique), Fine Points-165, 168, 267, 506, 509.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.

(Limited) MONTREAL

Offer for sale all grades of refined

SUGARS AND SYRUPS

Of the well-known brand of

Redpath

Certificates of Strength and Purity:

CHEMICAL LABORATORY,

MEDICAL FACULTY, McGILL UNIVERSITY.

To the Canada Sugar Refining Company:

I have analyzed the sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.88 per cent. of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.

Yours truly,

C. F. GIRDWOOD

"How are you?"

"Nicely, Thank You."

"Thank Who?"

"Why the inventor of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Which cured me of CONSUMPTION."

Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it.

Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil.

Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer.

Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for *Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds.*

Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

The Way of Women.

Conductor—I'll hov to charge yez another fare; yure chuild is over four year ould.

Lady Passenger—But I have her on my lap.

Conductor—Shure, it makes no difference. You're in the car an' he's wid 'u.

Lady Passenger (an hour later, at Macy's)—It is a very nice coat, but I want something better. I would rather pay a few dollars more and have something becoming.

As a Nerve Tonic

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. S. L. Williams, Cleveland, Iowa, says: "I have used it to grand effect in a case of neuralgic fever, and in uterine difficulties. Also, in case where a general tonic was needed. For a nerve tonic I think it is the best I have ever used, and can recommend it most confidently."

USE PERSIAN LOTION

For whitening the COMPLEXION, imparting or preserving its youthful tone, removing FRECKLES, the MASK and all other eruptions on the SKIN.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price: 50 cts.

Beware of Imitations.

MANUF'RS PRICE | IMPORTERS PRICE | RETAIL PRICE | FRANK STAGGART'S PRICE

SAVE 2 PROFITS

EXAMINE THIS CHART, AND SEE HOW THE PROFITS GROW. BUY DIRECT FROM IMPORTERS AND SAVE MONEY

DIAMONDS · WATCHES CLOCKS, JEWELLERY AND SILVER-WARE · COLT'S REVOLVERS · BICYCLES AND SPORTING GOODS AT WHOLESALE PRICES

SEND 50¢ FOR CATALOGUE. IT HAS A COUPON ATTACHED WHICH YOU MAY RETURN AS 25¢ ON 1st PURCHASE

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.

89 KING ST WEST TORONTO

ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste

FOR CLEANING THE TEETH. 30 YEARS IN USE

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address.

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Bob Angel's Vision.

A crime had been committed in Mississippi. One lovely evening in Ma', as a rosy twilight was stealing on, a little girl dragged herself to her mother's door. She had been gathering wild violets and yellow jasmine along the brook—a favorite pastime—and intended to decorate her mother's humble mantel shelf. But she had been gone a long time. Her large blue eyes were blood shot, and a dark shadow appeared beneath them; her flaxen hair was disheveled, and the marks of brutal fingers stood out with inflamed prominence on her tender throat. She could not climb the steps, and called faintly and piteously.

The woman rose from her chair, dropped her scissors and spools, threw her work on the floor, and gazed at her child, stupefied and horror-stricken. She caught her up, pressed her to her heart, moaning:

"My poor baby! my poor baby! O my God! my God!"

That night the child died—as dies a tender flower that has been plucked and crushed in a strong, cruel hand and thrown aside to perish. Lying there on the couch, she seemed as pure as a hope of Heaven, as beautiful as a dream.

A chilling horror fell like a pall upon the people for miles around. Women, pale and frightened, left their homes to find better security in a neighbor's house, and they huddled together like sheep that know a wolf is near. Talented men and men of no note were roaming the forests all night, and towards morning they brought in a negro. He was the criminal.

There is a crime that in the South ranks side by side with the foulest murder, both in the meaning of the law and in the hearts of the people. There is no escape—death follows in the footsteps of transgression.

The younger and more hot-blooded men insisted on a speedy termination of the tragedy, but other counsels prevailed. They said the wretch would be commonplace and vulgar; to cut his throat would be butchery.

"Bob Angel goes down to-night, don't he?"

"Yes—on the 93."

"At 11.45?"

"At 11.45."

"I think we had better send him down on Bob's engine."

"Why?"

"Ain't worth while to palaver. You know Bob!"

The prisoner was held until the freight pulled up at the station. When Bob Angel descended from the engine cab he was followed by his negro fireman. The latter had evidently just finished his supper, for he was wiping the grease from his shining lips and chin with the back of his hand, which he in turn wiped on his hips. He procured the oil can and torch and was "oiling up," as a long run between stations was ahead. This negro had a neck like a bull's; he was somewhat knock-kneed, and had splay feet of enormous size; he was large and strong, and could crack hickory nuts between his teeth like a hog. His name was Ole Bony, which, however, was not an abbreviation of Bonaparte. He was thus called because he disdained to eat the meat only of chickens—he ate bones and all.

"I'll turn him over to Bony," said Angel; "not that I mind doing it myself, but Bony will enjoy it so much."

"Is he safe?"

"Safe! why he'd rather do it than play his old fiddle."

Bony was called aside and the crime revealed to him.

"An' dat's de n'igger dar what tuck an' went an' done it?"

"Yes."

"Wotcher gwine ter do wid 'im?"

"Well, you see, Bony, we're going to take him down on the engine, and I reckon you might let him get away."

"Git erway? Whof faw!"

"You infernal thick-headed ape! I've a good mind to brain you with the monkey-wrench!"

"Oh! Oh! Hya—hya!" ejaculated and chuckled Ole Bony. "Jess Jemme 'lone now 'bout er minute. Hit's mighty sudden, I kin wants ter steddy de sitiwation. Oh! but ann de Mas'sippi fo' de wah we use ter do hit el'gant." and Bony's right hand crept out of his pocket, his head went a little backward and to one side; the gesture was made with the palm outward, and expressed the most crushing and overpowering superiority. "I'lind out de stowerways from de holes 'twix de cotton bales, tored dey shirts open ter fore, an ef de small-pose was er-shwin' up fine on dey bresses, w'y dayd git er bathe."

"Get a bath! How's that?"

"Now, jess liy'n at 'im—and you tole me I is thick-headed. You dunner how ter foller de 'cusations uv my observations."

Bony went to one side and "studied the situation," pondering deeply. Angel eyed him closely, endeavoring to decipher every expression as an index of the thoughts that gathered under the woolly pate of the negro. Bony was sitting on the end of a cross-tie, his elbows resting on his knees, and his grimy fingers interlocked. He was bare-headed, and he softly tapped the ground with his long feet, slowly and alternately. His head was bent and his eyes were half closed. After sitting a few minutes he arose and shook himself like a dog that has been asleep. He looked grave, but as he had solved a difficult problem he could not resist the temptation to "cut the pigeon wing" for a few seconds on the platform alongside the track. After this he went to a telegraph pole and rubbed his back against it to disturb the operations of a flea between his shoulders.

"Hyar's me!" he said.

They gave him a bottle of whiskey. He took out the cork, smelled the liquor, climbed into the cab, opened the locker on the left side—his seat while on duty—extracted a small parcel containing brown sugar, and poured a considerable quantity into the bo'tle. He shook the mixture vigorously, and finally held it up to examine the "head." The inspection seemed to satisfy him, for he drank deeply and smacked his lips with profound satisfaction. He then placed the bottle carefully in the locker.

The prisoner was placed in the tender in a sitting posture, his back against the pile of wood, and his face turned toward the locomotive. His hands were tied behind him, and his legs were bound together at the knees and ankles. A gag was in his mouth. Bob Angel pulled open the throttle-valve, and the train slowly dragged its length into the night; and all that could be seen by those left behind were two eyes that stared back at them from the last car.

One of these eyes was green, the other red. They were rear signal lights.

"I b'lieve I's de boss fur er-white, ain't I, cap'n?"

"Yes, I believe so," replied Angel.

Without another word Ole Bony went to the wood pile and commenced to pitch the fuel to the front of the tender. Having done this, he began to pile it up on the foot-board in two separate heaps. One contained the rich, resinous pine, and the other the oak and hickory. He then opened the fire-door, and was throwing in the pine rapidly, as if his life depended on it.

"You had better mix it, Bony," suggested Angel.

"Ain't I er-chuckin' o' dis yer ingine?" retorted Bony, somewhat testily. "Ain't I de boss, anyhow?"

When he had filled the fire-box he rested, and amused himself by singing snatches of old plantation songs, and break-downs, as visions of the dear old fiddle arose in his memory, and at length sang melodiously:

"Chicken in de bread tray,
Scrambin' out dough,
Granny, will your dog bite?
No, chile, no!"

He ceased, watched the steam gauge, and then said:

"Golly! she's er-crawlin' up. Sat dat air reverse lever back er couple o' notches. Hundred 'n forty an' ain't blowin' off! Set de pop-valve at er hun'red an' fifty, an' let 'er rip! Shove in de throttle a little bit—we's gwine down hill lack er cullud sister gittin' 'ligion."

He again opened the fire door, and found the pine being rapidly consumed, the flames seeth and roar in response. He threw in the oak and hickory, the pine having sunk to give it room, and resumed his seat, remarking:

"Hot 'nough d'reckly ter roast er hog purty quick."

In a few minutes the train was approaching Chickasawhay swamp. Ole Bony said:

"I jest s'pose dat dirty forred—kin feel 'er er bumpin' er little. Take de can an' go outside 'n fetch up dem steam box valves. Drap er bit on de piston rods 'n old's rods, an'—an'—fore you go, dough, I wants you ter help me tie 'im ter dat boa'd, kase he's git'n resty, 'n mout git erway. De boa'd 'll keep 'im straight, you see, an' he won't double hisself up an' torment hisself ef he tries ter git erway. Hit 'll make 'im stiff like. K'ep a pert look-out on de track, an'—you kin come back—in erbout—five minnits."

The helpless prisoner was secured to the board as Bony directed, and Angel crawled through the window, neglecting, however, to take the oil can—but that was no matter. Ole Bony had thrown in more pine, and the locomotive was belching forth a cloud of black smoke, which trailed out over the train like the tail of an inky comet. The glaring, staring, cyclopean eye of the engine was boring and tunneling the darkness, ploughing a path through the night for the passage of the head and body to which it belonged.

Looking backward, Bob Angel saw a vision that made his heart stand still, and he grasped the hand-rail more firmly, that a sudden sickness might not cause him to fall.

This is what he saw: The fire door had been thrown open, and the intense light therefrom streamed upon the black cloud of smoke, and upon the dense foliage by the wayside, as upon a screen on which would be projected the shadows of interposing bodies. And he did see strange shadows, magnified into gigantic proportions—frightful shadows they were, that surged through the forest or were suspended in the smoke. It seemed to Angel that the gate of hell was open, and that the shadows he saw were made by demons dancing before the sulphurous flames and reveling in a saturnalia of blood. One demon, larger and more frightful than the others, ten times as ferocious, a thousand times as hideous, with short legs and a gigantic body, with a round head, and neck like a bull's, with arms as long as the wings of a wind-mill; this monster, this king among demons, seemed to have just released from earth, for his bore in his arms what might have been a human soul, lashed to a board. It seemed from the shadows that he laid his helpless burden at the edge of the opening through which issued the blinding rays from the unquenchable fire, and that he raised his arms in wild exultation, as though invoking the blessing of Satan for having performed his work so faithfully. This monster, while every muscle and bone seemed to expand into distended proportions, grasped his burden and raised it aloft—the flames seemed to roar and crackle hungrily and gape longingly for the soul they were to devour. The brilliancy of the light was suddenly obscured. Something must have been thrown through the orifice—through the gate of hell—but the intensity was immediately resumed, displaying the demon bending over, his great, naked arm stretching across the opening, as if reaching to close the gate; then suddenly the shadows became confused—some toppling and falling to the ground, others chasing each other beyond the vision into the forest—and all was darkness again.—*The Argonaut.*

SCENE—Lonely mansion in suburbs.
TIME—12 15 a.m.

Housebreaker—Execuse me, mum, for interruptin' yer, but if yer intend agoin' ter bed I wish yer'd go. Time is precious an' me an' my pal has got two other jobs on han' to-night when we gets through here.

How to Make $500

Is told in the advertisement of Peter Henderson & Co. in another column. Everyone knows of the great seed house of Peter Henderson & Co., of New York City, whose magnificent catalogue of "Everything for the Garden" is anxiously awaited each year by every lover of flowers. Their unusual offer of $500 to open to all, and affords an opportunity to combine the pleasure of gardening with profit.

Didn't Know the Town.

Wooden—I notice in New York that they have a lot of lunch places where everybody helps himself, and then reckons up his own check. I should think such a place would pay here in Toronto.

Bulfinch—How long have you been in Toronto?

Wooden—Two weeks.

Bulfinch—It doesn't seem possible.

There's Magic in It.

What must be the satisfaction and gratification, at so small a cost, of one who writes like this? Mr. W. Mason, editor of the *Retford and Bassborough News*, Retford, Eng., says: "I had suffered from a sprained knee for twelve months, without being able to obtain relief from the pain, when I rubbed the knee thoroughly for twenty minutes with St. Jacobs Oil. That night I traveled 200 miles by railway, the next day I walked 25 miles, and the pain entirely disappeared. I have never had the slightest return of it since."

Nautical Roulette.

Mr. Jasper (of Montana, stumbling into wheel-house of Fall River boat)—I never see one set up on either side before, but I don't mind droppin' a hundred on th' game. What time d' y' open, friend?

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Catharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; Ashes, by Ouida; the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

Wrong on the Face of it.

Erbendroth—Holt abidd a minute, Naomi.

Mrs. Erbendroth—Yat you do?

Erbendroth—Sah! I hef only one white chip left. I rub him on dot face powder to maig him red unt den I go me back unt bued der bank.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including one signature and address. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Graphological Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

INVERNOR.—Scraps of letters are not studied.

TESS.—Your second letter lies before me. I am sure I have answered you before. (If you will look to issue of January 9 I think you will find your answer.)

RIXE.—It certainly is a fist, but it has good points. It is hopeful, ambitious, with high ideals, honor and constancy. Discretion is also a feature and some love of art and beauty generally. Writer is careful, but not patient, fond of fun, but not witty, and might save him or herself many a m'le by forethought.

SARCYE.—This study shows outpoken and frank opinions, some carelessness, large generosity, rather a fancy for looking on the sober side of life, though the writer has some wit and is far from taciturn or moody. Lack of fine sympathy, love of beauty, good temper and a fondness for the good things of life are seen.

HAZEL.—Your letter is quite proper appreciated. Some baritone songs which are beautiful, popular, and not too difficult are Delaare's Garden of Sleep, Hope Temple's The All That I Can Say, Lover Romeo, by Bishop, and two very sweet songs by De Koven, Oh, Promise Me! and A Winter Lullaby. I hope some of these will suit you.

LOTTA.—You can learn somethand by written lessons, but you must do some hard practising. 2. Do not wear shoulder braces, and when you sit down sit bolt upright, and rest on the balls of your feet, not on the heels. Don't settle down on your heels. Use the Delsarte or some other physical culture exercise, and lie on your back to rest, on a flat and hard lounge.

ADELAIDE.—Your writing shows refiner ent, self-reliance, imagination, kindness, generosity, time, love of society and delicate sympathy and tact. Perception is good and though opinions are a little biased and too strong on some points, the whole study gives an attractive and charming personality. You are tenacious and a little narrow, but have excellent taste and strong self-respect, and in your own field, excellent judgment.

BRAHTUCK.—This study looks very like a disguised hand but as it may be the possession of some real man, I will tell you its revelations. In the first place the man is too fond of talking to be always discreet or quite exact. He is obstinate, ambitious, self-conceited, rather a dreamer if not a schemer too. He acts are altogether out of proportion to his words, and he is rather too cautious about little things. He is also clever in his way and has the extremest persistence in following his aim to the end.

CHRIS.—1. Mortgage investments can will give you higher interest, but you will have to employ some one to look after the collection of your interest and to reinvest your money, when the term runs out. Some stocks yield 6 per cent investments. As you would have to employ a broker to buy for you, you could consult him as to which are the most profitable just now. 2. Your writing shows decision, temper, tenacity, rather an energetic and independent nature, having the greater stubborn.

BILLY AND LAURIE.—These two studies are short and though very interesting I wish there were more of them. Billy is decided, brisk, full of energy and decidedly high-minded, the will is strong, constancy good and self-control and self-reliance fairly strong. Billy has a pretty good opinion of him or herself. Laurie is idealistic, hopeful, witty, of excellent judgment, good energy and has great respect for No. 1. Sometimes Laurie might be more careful in speech, but is on the whole a well put together character.

FLORIAN.—1. Your hand is round enough, but it is very jerky, and the letters are very irregular. You should try and keep your letters the same height. They mean something nice in graphology. 2 I am sorry it is too late to advise you. If I had seen your question in time I should have been glad to advise you. 3 I don't see anything to hinder. 4. I prefer not to delineate your writing until it is well formed and characteristic. Thank you a thousand times for the pretty wild flower. Certainly you may write again, I shall be glad to hear from you.

MAUD.—Your very eloquent writing makes me smile. It is too suggestive of fun and general merriment. You are mischievous, inquisitive, affectionate, and with staff cient intelligence, some imagination and good care for details. Your will is strong, your judgment apt to be faulty, your temper good but open to outbreaks if thwarted, in fact a perfect bundle of fun. You are subject to sensitiveness and though very discreet are not always as wise as you should be. However, when you are much in trouble, one can excuse little outbreaks such as you sometimes make.

MAY M.—If you had troubled to read the coupon you enclosed, you would have saw that I do not do horoscopes. However, under the circumstances, I will do what I can with the few words enclosed. They show me good powers of imagination, hope, love of the beautiful, and rather a high idea of honor. The writer is capricious in her methods, and demands of others a service and go to interest her. She is, however, in some things set to obstinacy, and insists on her own views. She is persevering and not easily discouraged, but rather too self-conceited for outer pressure, and sometimes she is not consistently frank and above deceit. The study is too meagre to decisively complete, and a fuller study might contain the modification of some of its points.

A Word to the Wise

Reason and Science admit that the irresistible craving for liquor, which causes a man to drink to excess, and makes of him an habitual drunkard, is a periodical disease.

The occasional indulgence of regular food produces the heat and gasses which form the natural stimulant of the human system. Whenever a new supply of this natural stimulant is needed the appetite is felt. But if the drunkism has been used to rep'ace this natural stimulant—either partially, or, in some cases almost completely—by an artificial one, by an alcoholic stimulant, then an uncontrollable thirst for alcohol calls for fresh supplies of the same, and takes the place of hunger.

Habit is in man a second nature. The organism which has been accustomed to the action of artificial stimulant is placed in a state of suffering by the sudden cessation or discontinuance of said action. This suffering is caused by the want and the privation of an artificial stimulant which has not yet been replaced by the corresponding action of an additional portion of the natural stimulant, bile.

These physiological laws were unknown to medical science until discovered by Dr. H. H. De Fetherstonhaugh, who based upon them another discovery, a godsend to humanity, his antidote for intemperance, known since 1878 under the name of The Father Mathew Remedy, which has proved an unfailing cure whenever used according to the directions, and which should now be found in the office of every physician who claims to keep pace with progress.

At Niagara.

"Don't you just love the grace of Nature, Mr. Dart?"

"Grace of Nature! Pshaw! Look at her now—how she falls all over herself!"

Misses E. & H. Johnston of 122 King street west are now offering a number of dress lengths at a great reduction. We have also a choice selection of the latest novelties in evening wear—silks, embroidered gauzes, chepes, etc. Every lady who admires a choice, well fitting gown should inspect our stock.

A Thoughtful Employer.

"You say your present boss treats you better than Mr. Smith did?"

"Yis, sorr; and oftener."

Showing Off.

Mr. Gorsey—All you've got to do to awe a cow-boy is to walk right up to him and, look him in the eye. Just watch me for fun.

Ribald Horrerr (the puncher)—Pardnd, dudey, but my leggins is so allfired greasy ain't been able t' scratch a match on 'em all day.

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

A Joyous Moment

Nervous Gentleman (who has engaged individual on left to act as guide)—But, my good man, are you sure you have taken the right road?

The individual (gruffly)—I know I has; we are now close to the Bloody Gulch, where a man's skelington was found last summer with bullet holes in the skull. They tried to fix the murder on me, but (with a grin of great satisfaction)—they couldn't prove nothin'. No, they couldn't prove nothin'!

A Mitigating Circumstance.

"Wasn't it awful? She married a poor dry-goods clerk!"

"Yes; but just think how handy he will be to send down town to match goods!"

THE ART METROPOLE

Will occupy this position every week. Artists and Art Students may expect to find here a reference to the newest, best and cheapest things for artists and decorative purposes.

131 Yonge Street, Toronto

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASON

is she who pays the most assiduous attention to the care of the skin.

Indeed she goes to great lengths in the study of this subject. She never rubs her face in drying it. She never exposes it to the cold without protection. She uses only such preparations as are of standard purity and excellence.

One of the most important preparations of this class is *Alaska Cream*, which, as a skin dressing, has no equal. She writes of Alaska Cream: "As a protection to the complexion against the roughening and hardening effect of cold winds your Alaska Cream is simply superb, and as a cosmetic it keeps the complexion clear, soft and white. As it is neither greasy nor sticky and is nicely perfumed, it is most agreeable to use, and I can recommend it to all interested in the preservation and improvement of the complexion."

PRICE 25c. PER BOTTLE

STUART W. JOHNSTON
TORONTO

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge St. and 191 Yonge St., near Queen } **Toronto**

Beautiful China Bedroom Sets, 11 pieces, $2.84, worth $5; Slop Jars to match $1.64, worth $3. Tea Sets $2.94, worth $5; $6.24, worth $12. A grand French China Dinner and Tea Set, 111 pieces, $18, worth $30; separate and odd pieces at half-price. Pillow Sham Holders, most approved makes, 24c. up to 74c. for plain up to highly finished nickle plated goods. 10c. Combs for 5c; unbreakable combs 14c., worth 25c., up to 25c., worth 50c. All bristles Hair Brushes 25c., worth 50c. Remember, samples by mail weighing 4 lbs. and less cost 1c. per 4 oz., or fr. per lb. Mrs. Potts' Irons, full set, 84c., worth $1.25 to $1.50. Other Irons, 35c. per lb. Bird Cages, 99c. up for beautiful brass one; best arranged Breeding Cages 60c. Come and see.

W. H. BENTLEY

ASK FOR THEM. FOR SALE AT ALL LEADING STORES IN TORONTO. Ask in Large Cities Throughout the Dominion.

WE RECOMMEND: P.N. CORSETS

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I make the disease of FITS, FIT-SIT or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE.
H. G. ROOT, M.C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE — DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE makes a delicious Cooling Beverage, especially Cleanses the throat, preventing disease. It imparts Freshness and Vigour, and is a quick relief for Biliousness, Sea-Sickness, etc.

BY ALL CHEMISTS

ST. JACOBS OIL. CONQUERS PAIN. St. Jacobs Oil. THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

The Bride's Dress

Married in white, you have chosen all right;
Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
Married or not, you may have to toil;

BUT FOR RHEUMATISM USE ST. JACOBS OIL.

Music.

THE concert given by the University Glee Club on the 19th was the third of a series of prominently social musical events, and was eminently successful. The audience was large and was thoroughly sympathetic with the programme that was placed before it. A list of thirteen numbers was supplemented by nine encore pieces, acknowledgments of the applause being made in the other four cases. The Glee Club was arranged in four tiers on the platform, and numbered seventy-five men in cap and gown. These young gentlemen looked interesting and they sang excellently. Their discipline was well nigh perfect, producing crisp, simultaneous attack and unanimous shading. In this latter respect they showed great attention, with the result of very nicely graded contrasts. The tone quality was good and very fairly balanced, with perhaps less sonority than might be expected from so many voices, and with a slight comparative weakness in the *crux* of male choruses, the first tenors. The programme numbers sung by the club embraced agreeable contrasts and with one exception were novelties here as choruses. The humorous side was represented by The Man of Thessaly and Simple Simon, while the sentimental subjects treated were Maiden With the Lips so Rosy, His Thee Shallop, Beim Liebchen Zu Haus, and Twilight. Of these, His Thee Shallop was a most commendable bit of shading, in support of the obligato soloist, Miss Minnie Gaylord, who sang with great care and conscientiousness. Her pretty voice and excellent vocalization showed to advantage in the high cadenzas of the piece. The German number was an immediate success and earned a double encore. The encores given by the club were of that rollicking kind so peculiar to students, and were sung with infinite gusto. Altogether the club sang in a manner which showed more of the spirit of good art than of the dare-devil jollity of collegians.

*

The soloists were all of a high order and were warmly received by the audience. Mr. Frederic Boscovitz made what might be termed his first public appearance since his return to Toronto, and received the warmest recall of the evening. His rendering of the Mendelssohn Rondo Capriccioso was strongly individualistic in its interpretation, but showed his great executive power and his resources of tonal contrast, while the two pieces of his own composition, Chant du Matin, and his Etude de Concert, were played with splendid dash and spirit. His encore piece was the Chopin Waltz in D flat, op. 64. The principal interest of the programme centered in Miss Mary Howe, now Mrs. William Lavin, whose personal beauty, as shown by the photographs and lithographs which heralded her coming, had disposed everybody in her favor. This good impression was in no wise lessened by her actual performance. She sang two very showy and difficult arias—one the Bell Song from Lakmé, the other the Air du Rossignol by Victor Masse—and displayed a truly wonderful voice. It is rich, full and vibrant, very even in quality in all its registers, with great compass in the upper portion. Its most remarkable characteristic is the fulness of tone at its extremes. She sings with brilliancy and fluency, yet with a noticeable *portament* in her attack, as well as an occasional cloudiness of intonation. These faults seem to me to be the result of defective training rather than of a natural weakness, and as the fair singer goes to Italy next year for further study, we may expect to see them remedied on her return. Mary Howe's natural equipments leave little to be desired. The voice is beautiful in its color and characteristics. It is only where art comes in to assist nature that the critic finds room for cavilling. Her encore songs were sung even better than her programme pieces. Mr. William Lavin on the other hand, gave us an artistic treat. He sang Cielo e Mar fron Ponchielli's Gioconda, and Chadwick's Bedouin Love Song, with Clay's I'll Sing The Songs of Araby and La Donna e Mobile as encores. His voice is maturing splendidly, gaining in fulness while his method is gaining in excellence. Altogether Mr. Lavin is in the front rank of American tenors and the world is now his oyster. The club deserves great credit for its enterprise in undertaking a concert of such artistic excellence, while praise is due to Mr. E. W. Schuch, musical director, and Messrs. Dinelli and Parker, accompanists.

*

On Tuesday evening a concert was given in the Western Congregational Church, which was very largely attended. Mrs. Caldwell was in splendid voice and never sang better than on this occasion. She sang The Gentle Lark with an excellently played flute obligato by Mr. Herbert Lye, and the Rainy Day. By special request she gave a really delightful rendering of the ever-popular Cuckoo Song, and also sang the obligato in a number with the Orpheus Quartette. These gentlemen, Messrs. Taylor, Lye, Warrington and Schuch, sang so well as to earn recalls for each quartette they rendered, and showed great unity of tone and expression. The solos by Messrs. Lye and Warrington added to the excellence of the programme, while an agreeable diversity was offered by the acceptable readings by Mr. Owen A. Smiley. The accompaniments by Mrs. H. M. Blight gave an appropriate finish to a good programme.

*

The same evening saw a large audience at Association Hall, when the choir of Westminster Presbyterian church, under the direction of Mr. A. M. Gorrie, assisted by Miss Ferguson, accompanist, gave a fine programme of Scottish music to enthusiastic hearers. The choir sang very well with a little too much preponderance of bass tone, its best number being Ye Banks and Braes. The soloists were Maggie Burr Fenwick, Miss Agnes Forbes, Mrs. Belle Rose Emslie, Miss Fanny Sullivan, Miss Lena Hayes, Mr. H. M. Blight and Mr. A. M. Gorrie.

*

Mr. Frederic Boscovitz made himself very popular in Brantford last week, where he gave a recital in Wickliffe Hall to a large audience, playing at the Ladies' College the next day.

METRONOME.

My Old Dress Suit

My dress suit is threadbare and shiny and spotted,
But how can I part with this friend of my youth,
To hang in some second-hand shop, or be trotted
About on some restaurant waiter, I mooth!
That dress suit has sparked with wealth and with station,
Has heard the best music and seen the best plays,
Has rested in royal content in flirtation,
And consorted with beauty in various ways.

When I think of the waists that right sleeve has surrounded—
Is waltzing, of course—and what tresses have pressed
The lapel of that coat, yum-yum! I'm confounded
With "joys that we've tasted," no longer possessed—
And I fondly remember the scores of good dinners,
With scarce delicious, that vest has embraced,
And the heart throbs it's heard; they come to beginners,
They are evening emotions, by morning effaced.

And there are the trousers: for years they've been flitting
About at swell parties and dancing affairs,
Cheek by jowl with the silks and the satins, or sitting
Sequestered in alcoves, in nooks, on the stairs.
Every thread is a chord of some sweet recollection,
Every spot tells a tale of delights now no more;
Dear worn-out dress suit, you inspire retrospection,
Because you've been worn out so often before.

—*Life.*

Ancient Forms of Amusement.

From the Hypnotic Gazette, January 1st, A.D. 2203.

WORKMEN employed on the mesmeric dredge near what was in old times the bed of the Harlem River, discovered yesterday a leaden box in which was the following manuscript, which gives us a vivid idea of the crude condition of the drama towards the close of the Nineteenth century:

FUN ON THE ROOF.

Farce Comedy in Three Acts.

ACT I.

Scene—A garden with practicable gate R. U. E.

Sparkle McIntyre (entering through gate)—Well, this is a pretty state of affairs! Rosanna Harefoot lived only for me until that theatrical troupe came to town; but now she's so stuck on singing and dancing and letting those actor men make love to her that I can't get a moment with her. Hullos! here comes the whole company. I guess they're going to rehearse here. I'll hide behind this tree, an' watch them do their acts.

(Enter company of players.)

First Player—Well, this is a hot day; but while we're trying to keep cool, Miss Kitty Socks will sing. Under the Daisies.

(Specialties by the entire company).

First Player—Well, we'd better hurry away down the street, or else we'll be late. (Exeunt Omnes.)

Sparkle McIntyre (emerging from behind tree)—That looks easy enough. I guess I'll see what I can do myself.

(Specialties.)

First Player (entering with company)—Now that rehearsal is over, we'll have a little fun for a few moments.

Sparkle (aside)—Rosanna will be mine yet.

GRAND FINALE.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Scene—Parlor of Sparkle McIntyre's house; Sparkle discovered seated at table with brilliant dressing gown on.

Sparkle—I invited all that theatrical company to spend the evening with me; but I'm afraid they won't come. I just wanted to surprise them with that new song and dance of mine. Ah! here they come, now.

(Enter theatrical company.)

First Player—We were a little late, Mr. McIntyre; but the fact is, I had to go to the steamer to meet some friends of mine who were coming over to try their luck in glorious America; and as they're all perfect ladies and gentlemen, I took the liberty of bringing them along. Allow me to introduce them to you: Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Sirocco and the Miss Siroccos from the Royal Alhambra in Rooshy.

Sparkle—Ladies and gentlemen, I'm pleased to meet you; and, now, if you'll favor us with an act, we'll be greatly obliged.

(Specialties by everybody, and finale.)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Scene—Same as Act I.

(Enter Rosanna.)

Rosanna—This is the very garden where I used to meet my own true Sparkle. In fact, it's right here that he used to spark me. Well, while I'm feeling so down-hearted, I'll do a little dance just to cheer myself up.

(Specialties by Rosanna.)

Sparkle (entering)—What! you here, Rosanna? Then you must love me!

Rosanna—Yes, Sparkle; I do.

Sparkle (embracing her)—Then, darling, we will be married this very day. Call the neighbors all in, and we will sing, dance and be merry.

(Enter company. Specialties.)

CURTAIN. —*Puck.*

Strategy.

He—I am in love. Will you be my confidante?

She—Certainly. I am at your service.

He—Well, would you advise me to propose to you?

Our Domestics.

Wayfarer—Please, sir, can't you give me a meal? I'm near s'arving.

Mr. Howson Lott—I would, gladly, my man, if I could; but I can't. I'll give you a letter of introduction, however, to my cook. She may be willing to help you.

For Keeps.

Father—Well, Tommy, how do you think you will like this little fellow for a brother?

Tommy (inspecting the new infant somewhat doubtfully)—Have we got him to keep, papa, or is he only a sample?

Her Charity.

Yeast—Does your boarding-house mistress help the poor any?

Crimsonbeak—Well, yesterday we had a chicken for dinner that was about the poorest I ever saw. She helped that.

Too Precious to be Jeopardized.

Fireman—Now then, one at a time—hurry up, if you all want to get out alive!

Mr. Benthayre—Save the cook first—we may never be able to get another one!

Mince Meat.

The actor appears to be a fragmentary individual. He's always in parts and the parts are in pieces.

A Mean Remark.

"What did you think of the wedding presents?"

"They were about as nice a lot as I ever saw borrowed."

Incorporated 1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN President.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
FIFTH YEAR
Artists and Teachers' Graduating Courses
in ALL BRANCHES of Music. University affiliation.
Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals, &c.
School of Elocution and Oratory
Comprising one and two year courses, with diploma, under the direction of Mr. S. H. CLARK, a special feature. (Special Calendar issued for this department.)
New 120 Page Conservatory Calendar sent free to any address. EDWARD SQUIRE, Musical Director, Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.
Mention this paper.

S. H. CLARK
DIRECTOR
Conservatory School of Elocution
(Open for Concert engagements and evenings of Readings.)
532 Church Street

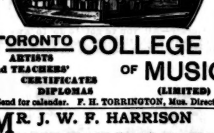
MISS McCARROLL, Teacher of Harmony
AT THE TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
(Formerly principal resident piano teacher at the Bishop Strachan School, Toronto.)
Will be prepared to receive pupils in Harmony and Piano Playing on and after September 2 at her residence
9 St. Joseph Street, Toronto.
Pupils of Ladies' Colleges taught at reduction in terms.

V. P. HUNT
Graduate of Leipsig Conservatory of Music.
Teaches Piano, Organ, Theory
Toronto Conservatory of Music
Or residence— 150 Wilton Ave.

DELSARTE SYSTEM OF EXPRESSION
MARGUERITE A. BAKER
Graduate of Boston School of Oratory.
TEACHER OF ELOCUTION AND PHYSICAL CULTURE
Open for reading engagements. 455 Church St.

MR. W. EDGAR BUCK, Bass Soloist
Formerly pupil of Manuel Garcia, London, Eng.
Musical Director Toronto Vocal Society
Pupils received in Singing, Voice Development and Elocution in the Italian Style and Dramatic School.
Engagements accepted for Concerts, Oratorio, Church Choirs, &c. Residence, 355 Church Street.

W. O. FORSYTH (Piano Specialist)
Studied in Germany with the famous teachers—M. Krause, Dr. S. Jadassohn, Ruthardt, Papperitz and Hofmann. Special care regarding tone production, finger action, wrist and arm movement, rhythm phrasing, etc., and a perfect artistic style. Teacher in the highest grades of piano playing and harmony at the Toronto College of Music, Moulton Ladies' College and Miss Veale' School for Young Ladies. 112 College Street



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
ARTISTS and TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES DIPLOMAS (LIMITED)
Send for calendar. F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Director.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
Organ, Piano and Harmony
94 Gloucester Street

WALTER DONVILLE
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.
6 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

LLOYD N. WATKINS
308 Church Street
Thorough instruction on Banjo Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.

DOUGLAS BIRD, Tenor Soloist
CONCERT, CHURCH, ORATORIO
For terms address— 45 Pembroke St., Toronto

MR. A. S. VOGT
Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church
Teacher in the advanced grades of the Pianoforte at the Toronto College of Music, Moulton Ladies' College and Dufferin House.
Residence 605 Church Street.

MR. ROBERT MAHR, Violinist
Graduate of the Royal Academy of Music, Berlin, and pupil of Prof. Joachim, will receive pupils at his residence, 14 Gloucester St. Open for concert engagements.

HERBERT L. CLARKE, Cornet Soloist
Late bandmaster of Helmsmann's Band, teacher Cornet and Slide Trombone. Music copied and arranged for orchestra and Military band. Open for engagements as concert soloist, or will furnish any number of artists for evening entertainments. 661 Spadina Avenue.

HAMILTON
COLLEGE OF MUSIC
Cor. Main and Charles Streets
Full staff of thoroughly qualified and eminent teachers in all branches of music. CERTIFICATES AND DIPLOMAS GRANTED.
The grade system similar to that adopted in the Schools is in use, with Quarterly Reports to Parents and Guardians.
The College is particularly well adapted for RESIDENT STUDENTS, where they are not only surrounded with homelike comforts and influences, but are under the constant supervision of the Director and resident Teachers, thereby making their stay in the College a daily lesson.
Send for our Catalogue 1891-92. For any further information apply to—
D. J. O'BRIEN, Director.

DR. McLAUGHLIN, DENTIST,
Cor. College and Yonge Streets.
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth

MR. HIPKINS
DENTIST
ROOM 23, YONGE STREET MARKET
Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets.

NEW DENTAL OFFICE
Lately opened by M. F. SMITH
(Late over Molsons Bank) is superior to anything of the kind in this country in the performance of its fittings, etc., as well as comfortable accommodation.
Canada Life Assurance Building, King St. West
Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

VITALIZED AIR FREE
I will insert the best teeth on rubber or celluloid for $8 and $10, and include extracting with the air, for one month. Come early.
C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge
TELEPHONE 1476

C. A. RISK
DENTIST
Graduate and Medalist of Royal College of Dental Surgeons
86 Yonge Street, near King Street
First-class patronage solicited.

MR. F. WARRINGTON
BARITONE
Choirmaster Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto
Will receive pupils in Voice Culture, at his residence, 12 Sexton Street, Toronto.
OPEN FOR CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS
SOPRANO SOLOIST
Pupil of W. Elliott Haslam. Concert, Oratorio, Church. Engagements at private houses accepted. Pupils received. Pieces of absent members of church choirs filled. The Canadian Musical Bureau, 173 Yonge St.; also Toronto College of Music and 56 Major St.

MISS MARIE C. STRONG
PRIMO-CONTRALTO
Teacher of Vocal Culture at Brantford Ladies' College

STAMMERING
CHURCH'S AUTO-VOCE SCHOOL. Fees payable when cure is effected. 249 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portraits a Specialty
ARTIST
STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST

HAMILTON MacCARTHY, R.C.A.,
SCULPTOR. Artist of the Col. Williams and Ryerson monuments. Ladies' and Children's Portraits. Studio 13 Lombard Street, Toronto.

MISS CLAIRE BERTHON, Portrait Painter, is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils in painting and drawing. Terms on application. Studio, 533 Sherbourne Street

COTHERSTONE HOUSE
BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES.
New Term Commences Feb. 16, 1892
Full English course, Languages, Music, Drawing etc. For Prospectus apply to the
Misses Jopling, 189 Bloor Street East

CANADA LIFE BUILDING
King Street West
Native French and German Teachers only Employed
FRENCH GERMAN ITALIAN SPANISH
THE INGRES-COUTELIER SCHOOL OF MODERN LANGUAGES
Classes for Ladies and Gentlemen.
PRIVATE LESSONS given either at the School or at the Pupils' houses.

FINE PERFUMES
ARE ALWAYS OBTAINABLE AND HAVE BEEN FOR HALF A CENTURY PAST OF
Neil C. Love & Co.
166 YONGE STREET
We recommend BORO-LANO for the Skin. It is without rival—25c. and 50c.

Dr. Pearson's Hypophosferine
The great specific in La Grippe, Neuralgia, Nerve Pains, Debility, Lassitude, Loss of Appetite, Mental Troubles, Invaluable Nerve Tonic. Send for pamphlet. Price 50c. and $1.
D. L. THOMPSON, Homeopathic Pharmacist
394 Yonge Street, Toronto

SUNBEAMS
6 FOR 25c.
MICKLETHWAITE'S
Photographer, cor. King and Jarvis Sts.

SUNBEAMS
ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West
Photographs of all sizes
Sunbeams $1 per doz.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
6 and 8 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

GRAND NATIONAL Hack and Coupe Stables, 103 Mutual St. Handsome Surroundings with coastal drivers any time day or night.
Telephone 2104
Arthur M. Bowman
Proprietor

NEWCOMBE -:-
PIANOS
Endorsed by the highest musical authority.
THE FINEST MADE IN CANADA
OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO.
MANUFACTURERS
TORONTO MONTREAL OTTAWA
Head Office—107-9 Church Street

Whaley, Royce & Co.
158 Yonge Street, Toronto
Music and Musical Instruments

THE LATEST
The "Elite" Song Folio
Acknowledged to be
The Finest Collection of Songs Ever Published in One Volume
Price—Paper Covers, 75c.; Half-cloth, 90c.; Boards, $1 25
Full Cloth Gilt, $1 50.
Full stock of the latest and most popular songs
Sole Agents FAIRBANKS & COLE BANJOS

MAKES YOU THINK
The cold weather makes you think of your feet and how to keep them warm. We have what will do it, and at reasonable prices.
H. & C. BLACHFORD
83—89 King St. East

PICKLES' $1.25 Fine Kid Button Boots for Ladies are a marvel of quality and cheapness. Patent toe caps.

Pickles' Shoe Parlor, 328 Yonge St.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY
EVERY TUESDAY
During MARCH and APRIL at 9.00 p.m.
TRAINS FOR
SETTLERS
WILL LEAVE TORONTO
With COLONIST SLEEPER ATTACHED
FOR
MANITOBA
AND THE
CANADIAN NORTH-WEST
For parlors without Sleeping Compartments Sleeper will be attached to Express Train leaving Toronto 11 p.m.
For full information and descriptive pamphlets of Manitoba, the North-West Territories and British Columbia, apply to any C.P.R. Agent.

PEOPLES POPULAR ONE WAY PARTIES BY THE Canadian Pacific Railway TO THE PACIFIC
LEAVE TORONTO 11.15 P.M. WEDNESDAYS
Particulars from any Agent of the Company.

REMINGTON
STANDARD
TYPEWRITER
The Leading Educational Institutions
are adopting the Remington to the exclusion of all other Typewriters.
Machines sent to any part of Ontario on rental for practice or office work.
GEORGE BENGOUGH,
10 and 12 Adelaide Street East,
Telephone 1207. TORONTO.

ARTISTIC WALL & CEILING DECORATIONS AT GRADED PRICES
SUPERIOR WALL PAPERS AND ART FABRICS
THE KING ST W
MACLAUSLAND SON TORONTO

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 679.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

and Mrs. Frank Wilson last Saturday and a delightful evening was spent in conversation, a reading by M. Coutellier, *tableaux vivants* and dancing. The club meet this evening at the residence of Miss Aikens, 29 Wellesley street.

*

The Typographical Union At Home at Webb's on Monday evening last was a very enjoyable affair. About two hundred of the printers and the printers' friends responded to the invitation and had a very pleasant evening. Great credit should be given to the committee for the success of this affair, for, from Mr. George W. Dower, the energetic chairman, down to the last member, they spared no effort to entertain their guests. The concert was well rendered by a number of amateur performers, in fact, was above the average in variety and quality. A bountiful and *recherche* supper finished the list of attractions of a very enjoyable and successful reunion. Among those present were: Mr. W. A. and Miss Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Harford and Miss Harford, Mrs. Tracey, Mr. W. and Miss Bonsall, Mr. W. G. and Miss Fowler, Mr. Sol and Miss Cassidy, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Winters, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Banton, Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, Mr. John O'Donoghue and the Misses O'Donoghue, Miss Flannery, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Parr, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bluff, Mr. Amos and Miss Pudsey, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Dower, Mr., Mrs. and Miss McKechnie, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hacker, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Elder, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. James, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Schiebe and Miss Schiebe, Mr. and Mrs. R. Millet, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. O'Loughlin, Mr. J. R. and Miss Mutton, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. FitzPatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sharpe, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Hacker of Rochester, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Jones, Mr. R. R. Hinds of Hamilton, Mr. S. Davis of Cleveland, Miss Millie Moore of Grafton, Miss and Miss Maggie Huston, Miss Bessie Graham, Miss Tottie Smith, Miss Clara Hurst, Miss Magson, Miss Nina Rupert, Miss May Newton, Miss C. Snively, Miss M. Snively, Miss Maud Ellisson, Miss McCleary, Miss O'Bryan, Miss Florence Brown, Mrs. Freeman Hawley, Miss S. Hill, Miss McGill, Miss P. Sheahan, Miss Lawrence, Miss M. Roberts, Mrs. Torrington and Messrs. J. H. Lumsden, James Coulter, George Smedley, Charles Boon, Charles Oliver, W. A. Putland, Thomas Soole, George R. Clarke, A. L. E. Davies, George G. Devlin, J. J. Jeffers, A. E. Gautt, Robert Gautt, J. Jackman, W. A. Kyle Fred Davis, James H. Gilmour, John A Smith, Ernest Webb, G. F. Soules. W. C. Kerr, Ed. M. Meehan, M. J. Meehan, James Middleton, J. C. McMillan, Robert Kerr. Will J. Hambly, Fred Hambly, J. Moyland, H. R. Devine, James Harper, Thomas Butcher, Hugh V. Ferguson, S. J. White, George McBeth, George H. Shardrock, E. R. Popham, William Jones, Harold Harding, C. E. Rivers, Charles Backley, Edward McGee, D. J. Archer, J. Martin, J. Maitland, A. Parr, John F. Scholes and James W. Cowan.

*

Rev. W. Hoylis Clarke, who took part in the opening services of St. John the Evangelist's church in Hamilton, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Mighton, at their residence, Chedoke, Mountain Top.

*

Mrs. Harry Finch and Miss Carrie Johnston, who have been visiting Mrs. W. S. Finch, 75 Gerrard street east, leave for Winnipeg on March 2.

*

About sixty young people accepted the invitations of a committee, consisting of Miss K. McKeriben, Miss Redway, Mr. J. S. Fraseleigh, Mr. H. McKeriben and Mr. H. Redway, to attend a surprise party at the residence of Mrs. Murchison of Bathurst street on the evening of Tuesday, February 23. A good programme of dances had been prepared, and for the benefit of those who did not "trip the light fantastic," games of various kinds had been prepared. Music was furnished by an orchestra, and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves until an early hour. Mr. Fielding gave a recitation which was well delivered and heartily encored. Among those present were: The Misses Murchison, Miss E. Fowler, the Misses Gamble, the Misses Paisely, Miss Gardner, the Misses Robinson, Miss Adams, Miss Roy, Miss J. Harrison, Miss D. McKeriben, Miss Herber', Miss White, Miss Prosser, Miss Potter of Tottenham, Mr. Chalk, Mr. Staines, Mr. Sailer, Mr. R McColl, Mr. Winton, Mr. F. McKeriben, Mr. A. F. Chubb, Mr. Robertson, Mr. E. Price, Mr. W. J. Chubb, Mr. E. Redway, Mr. Aylesworth, Mr. Martin, Mr. Proctor, Mr. Breen, Mr. Adams, Mr. Baxter and Mr. H. Hewettson.

*

On Tuesday last a concert in aid of the Mortgage Fund of Grace Church was held in the school house of Holy Trinity Church. A splendid programme by Mr. Barritto Mull and others contributed largely to the success of the affair.

*

The members of the caste of the Beggar Student had a *soiree dansante* at their rooms, corner of Yonge and McGill streets, on Wednesday evening.

*

Miss Ada MacMillan of Oshawa is visiting her sister, Mrs. Phillips of Grosvenor street.

*

The Upper Canada College athletic club were At Home to their friends last evening. Particulars are too late for this issue.

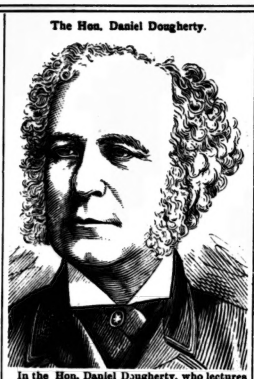
*

The pupils' recital at the Toronto College of Music on Thursday was a very interesting and successful affair indeed. The pupils of Norma Reynolds took upon themselves the vocal numbers of the programme, and did their teacher and themselves great credit.

*

Chalmers' church, at the corner of Dundas street and Dovercourt road, was crowded last Tuesday evening to hear the cantata, New Jerusalem, by the choir, assisted by the choir of the East Presbyterian church, the whole numbering sixty voices. Rev. J. Mutch, pastor of the church, presided. Messrs. Charles Dimmick and J. Stoddart, the choirmasters, had charge of the cantata, and the outcome reflected much credit on their teaching. The receipts will be used for buying new music for the choir.

The Hon. Daniel Dougherty.



In the Hon. Daniel Dougherty, who lectures in the Pavilion on Monday night next, the Toronto public will hear one who is himself the foremost living American exponent of oratory, discuss and illustrate that ever interesting topic. Mr. Dougherty is now sixty-five years of age, but time has failed to wear upon the noble figure and expressive features that have lent themselves so well to the attainment of that high success of which Mr. Maurice Francis Egan spoke when presenting the Lætare medal to Mr. Dougherty last year. "Your art is held to be so perfect that no man of our time is mentioned with you as a master of expression." His ten minute speech made in nominating Cleveland for President in 1888 has since served not only as a model, but as a fruitful source of inspiration and extract. His innate gift of eloquence and his keen Celtic sense of humor, combined with the same high degree of Roscian art that swayed huge audiences for Wendell Phillips and Edward Everett in the last generation, have gone to make an orator whom Ingersoll has time and again sought to rival. Among his noteworthy addresses is one delivered before the Literary Society of Lafayette College, which was quoted from and commented upon by Lord Lytton in the British House of Commons.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Another of the many delightful dances given this season was added to the list last Wednesday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart of Duke street gave a dance in honor of their daughter, Miss Maud, who made her *debut*. The house was tastefully decorated with plants and flowers, and the 13th Battalion orchestra discoursed sweet strains of music. Mrs. Stewart was attired in a handsome gown of black satin with daffodils. Miss Stewart wore a pretty gown of cream silk with roses Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Murray, the Misses McGiverin, Hendrie, Carr, Gunn, Mackelcan, Fuller, Mackay, Gartshore, Hood, Findlay, McKinnon, McKeand, Briggs, Mason, Gillard, Powis, Bull, Brown, Hemming. The gowns were exceedingly pretty and *chic*. Miss Hemming was much admired in a graceful pink gown; Miss McGiverin in pale pink and white lace; Miss Briggs looked well in white and silver; Miss Lina Hendrie looked very handsome in a white gown; Miss McKeand in a Grecian gown of white silk. Among the gentlemen present were: Messrs. Gillespie, Southam, Gartshore, Findlay, A. Murray, G. Murray, R. B. Harris, Harvey, Hemming, Gillies, Duncan, Browne, Hendrie, Ferrie, Champ, Bruce, Glasson, Ambery, Cameron, Stewart, McKay and many others.

Mrs. MacKay of West avenue gave a delightful progressive euchre party to a number of her friends on Wednesday evening. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Leggat, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Gartshore, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Dr. and Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. Scott. A most enjoyable evening was spent.

Miss Leggat left on Tuesday to spend a week with her cousin Mrs. J. D. Hay of Toronto.

The progressive euchre party given by Mrs. Husband, Main street west, was a great success. Mrs. Husband received her guests in a black brocade, and among those present were: Mrs. Robt. Hobson in a most artistic gown of gray and silver brocade, Misses Mills, R. Mills, Minnie Mills, May Mills, Rogers, Dewar, Watson, Briggs, Gartshore, Hobson, Findlay, Lottridge, Armour, Grant, Messrs. Dewar, Billet, Evans, Garret, Bellhouse, Browne, Cox, Hobson, J. Hobson, Armour, Southam, Gartshore and Gillespie. The prizes were exceedingly pretty and appropriate.

Mrs. Tidswell gave a progressive euchre party Wednesday evening, making the third in one week and it was most enjoyable. The prizes were very handsome and were won by the Misses O'Reilly, and the gentlemen's were won by Messrs. Bellhouse, Zealand and Ambrose. Those present were Misses Mills, Tudor, Rogers, Gaviller, Baker, Hall, O'Reilly, Leggat, Chapman, Young and Barker, Messrs. Mills, Dillon, Ambrose, Bellhouse, Zealand, Morton, Greening and Burns.

Mrs. Hendrie gave a charming dinner on Tuesday evening to the following ladies and gentlemen: Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs Bankier, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Jones, Mr. and Miss Harvey, Mrs. McGiverin, Mr. Gillespie and Mr. Hebden.

Senator and Miss MacInnes entertained a number of friends at dinner on Wednesday evening last. The following were present: The Bishop of Niagara and Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, Miss Daisy MacInnes, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. Beatty and Mr. Macpherson.

Miss Moreton gave a small and delightful sleighing party on Friday evening of last week. The party drove to Stoney Creek and returned to Mrs. Moreton's for supper. Those present were Misses Faulkner, Hobson, Dunlop, Briggs, Moreton, Messrs. Ferrie, Moreton, Gates, H. Gates, Burns.

Senator and Mrs. Sanford left for Knoxville, Tennessee, on Sunday evening to attend the wedding of their son, Jackson Sanford, to Miss Emma Sanford, one of Knoxville's fairest daughters. The young couple will not return till April, when they will reside with Senator and Mrs. Sanford in their palatial residence, which is nearing completion.

Mrs. George Mills gave a charming tea on Friday afternoon to a number of friends. Those present were: Mesdames Tidswell, Symonds, Mewburn, Murray, Misses Mills, Rogers, Briggs, Watson, Carr, Hobson, Ambrose, Roe, Harvey, Baker, MacInnes.

The Bachelors' ball on Friday night will be one of the most brilliant events of the season. I will give an account of it next week.

SYLVIA.

CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS

SIXTH ANNUAL

GRAND CONCERT

HORTIOULTURAL PAVILION

Thursday Evening, March 10

ARTISTS:

MRS. CALDWELL, Soprano
MRS. F. MACKELCAN, Contralto
MISS JESSIE ALEXANDER, Elocutionist
MR. HAROLD JARVIS, Tenor
MR. F. WARRINGTON, Baritone
MR. JAMES FAX, Humorist
MRS. H. M. BLIGHT, Accompanist

Reserved Seats 50c. General admission 25c.
Fax opens at A & S Nordheimer's March 7, 10 a.m
Numbered checks issued at 7 a.m. same date.

HON. DANIEL DOUGHERTY

The Celebrated American Orator, will lecture on his greatest theme

Orators and Oratory

AT THE

Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens

ON

Monday Evening, February 29

Admission 25c; Reserved seats 50c. and 75c. Plan at Nordheimer's on and after February 23.

Central Ontario School of Art and Design

Next Term Commences Monday, Feb. 29

Modelling and Designing Classes now open. Examinations April 28, 29 and 30. For information apply to GEO. C. DOWNES, 173 King Street West.

W. REVELLE, Hon. Sec.

JUST FROM NEW YORK

PROF. LIVINGSTONE'S

FRENCH TAILOR SYSTEM

Combination of squares for ladies' dress cutting taught from 9 a.m. till 5 p.m. Suits cut and basted. Ladies' suits made to order. Perfect fit guaranteed. Cutting school.

E. GILPIN, 141 1-2 Yonge Street

GET YOUR HATS BLOCKED AT

H. & W. WATSON'S

11 Adelaide Street West

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY

FURNITURE WAREROOMS

160 Queen St. West.

PROPRIETORS OF THE

Hygienic Steam Carpet Cleaning Machine

Those requiring carpets cleaned better than they have ever had them done before, would do well to remember us. By our system every particle of dust is removed, and the carpet is made to look equal to a new one. We also keep a large stock of carpet-layers, and guarantee work in every particular. Remember the address:

160 QUEEN STREET WEST

TELEPHONE 1057

SEE OUR

SINGLE BEDROOM SUITS

AT

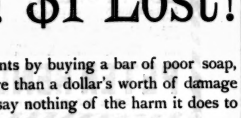
SLOAN & SON'S, 97 King Street East

PARK LIVERY—173 and 175 McCaul St.

Victorias, Coupes, &c., Fine Horses and Carriages

With careful Drivers in Livery.

TELEPHONE 132 W. J. MUNSHAW, Prop.



J. & J. LUGSDIN

(THE LEADING)

Hatters and Furriers

101 Yonge Street, TORONTO

5c. Saved! $1 Lost!

It is false economy saving 5 cents by buying a bar of poor soap, for that bar of poor soap will do more than a dollar's worth of damage to your clothes, by rotting them, to say nothing of the harm it does to the hands.

When you buy **SUNLIGHT** Soap you get the **very best value.** It goes farther, washes easier, saves fuel and hard work, and cannot possibly injure the clothes or skin, no matter how fine or delicate. It is real economy to use **SUNLIGHT** Soap.

Give it a trial. See that you get the right article, as imitators are trying to humbug the people.

LEVER BROS., LTD. - - TORONTO

LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT

For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the most wholesome tonics and beverages available.

Eight Medals and Ten Diplomas at the World's Great Exhibitions

JOHN LABATT

London, Ont.

GOLD MEDAL JAS. GOOD & CO., Agents, Toronto JAMAICA 1891

SEND FOR ESTIMATES FOR ANY CLASS OF

CATERING AND CONFECTIONERY

DINNERS BANQUETS

WEBB'S

WEDDING SUPPLIES

ESTABLISHMENT

447 YONGE ST TORONTO ONT.

ENTERTAINMENTS

WEDDING CAKES

Or the best quality and finish SHIPPED with care to ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.

Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND SQUARE UPRIGHT

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Warerooms: - - 117 King Street West, Toronto

The Greatest Sale OF Fine Underwear FOR Ladies and Children on Record

We have purchased the entire stock in the big Adelaide Street Factory from Messrs. Page & Page at 60c. on the dollar, and we are now selling every garment at less than manufacturers' prices. Ladies requiring excellent goods, made from the finest materials and finished as no other Canadian make in the market to-day, have now an opportunity that will never occur again, as P. & P. are retiring from the manufacturing business. We cordially invite all the lady readers of SATURDAY NIGHT to visit our Underwear Department at once and secure some of these choice goods.

McKENDRY & CO.

202 Yonge Street

6 Doors North of Queen

"Man wants but little here below
And wants that little good."

GET this "Good" from the choice and elegant importations recently received by

H. A. TAYLOR

No. 1 Rossin House Block,

TORONTO.

TAILOR'S ART:
"Straight lines for duty
Curve lines for beauty."

WE are now offering an unusual large stock of Sleighs at very low prices, selected from Gladstones, Solid Comforts, Russians, Baileys, Portlands, Piano Boxes, Careols and other styles.

GANANOQUE CARRIAGE CO.,
100 and 102 Bay St.

GAS, ELECTRIC & COMBINATION FIXTURES

BENNETT & WRIGHT.

72 QUEEN ST. EAST TORONTO.

The Canadian Order of Foresters.

We would remind our readers of the Canadian Order of Foresters' grand concert to be held in the Horticultural Pavilion, March 10. This society has gained a high reputation for providing a first-class concert every year, and the coming entertainment will no doubt be a great success. Such artists as Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Miss Jessie Alexander, Mr. Fred Warrington, Mr. Jas. Fax and Mrs. H. M. Blight are sufficient to draw an audience that will tax the hall to its utmost capacity.

Jenness-Miller Literature.

After considerable delay the American Dress Reform Company of 316 Yonge street have secured the sole and exclusive right to handle the Jenness-Miller patterns, and purpose keeping the public supplied with a full selection, as well as with Mrs. Jenness-Miller's publications. They have arranged with George Frost of Boston for the equipoise and compromise waists, which are stepping-stones from corset bondage to complete freedom. Scores of ladies are enjoying them, and a number have signified their willingness to testify to their perfections. A very short trial convinces the most sceptical of the comfort and healthfulness of these garments.

Corroborative Evidence.

"I consider the pen mightier than the sword," said McFeeder, as he transferred the last two pieces of pie to his plate

"I don't doubt it," said his meek little wife. "Your habits at the table make it seem very probable."

GIVE ME A

GRIP

of your hand, old fellow. You advised me through the SATURDAY NIGHT to use your preparation when I was suffering from the GRIP, and here I am as well as ever. I tell you

PEPTONIZED

ALE AND - BEEF

is the greatest tonic and strengthener I ever heard of or used.

This is the experience of many.

IT CAN BE YOURS

THE FUNERAL GOODS BY J. A. GORMELY

R. SCORE & SON

77 KING STREET WEST

We beg to announce that we will open

A Ladies' Tailoring Department

ON THURSDAY, MARCH 10

We have remodeled and fitted up the rooms over our store, and have engaged the services of one of the most accomplished and tasteful cutters of London.

Our Mr. R. J. Score is now in England, and has purchased a full line of WOOLLENS and TRIMMINGS especially designed for Ladies' Garments.

For the first time Canadian ladies can now provide themthemselves with

GOWNS JACKETS, HABITS, ETC.

in the best style and in perfect accord with the requirements of fashion. R. SCORE & SON

77 KING STREET WEST

From Despair to Rejoicing.

Editor—You manuscript was so badly spelled that we found it almost impossible to make out the sense of it, and

Literary Aspirant—I—I'm very sorry, sir I—

Editor—And so we have decided to use it as French Canadian dialect story. Check will be sent on application.

The firm of Page & Page, Adelaide street west, have sold out their entire stock of fine underwear to Messrs. McKendry & Co., 202 Yonge street, at 60c. on the dollar. Our lady readers should profit by this purchase, as McKendry & Co. are selling the stock at less than manufacturers' prices.

DENTISTRY.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL

DR. FRANK E. CRYSLER DENTIST

249 McCaul St., a few doors south of College Telephone 2347.

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon

Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S. Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto. Tel. 3868.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist

335 College Street

Telephone 2276. TORONTO

MEDICAL.

ANDERSON & BATES

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist

Telephone 3922. No. 5 College Street, Toronto.

DR. PALMER

40 College Street

Telephone 3190. 3rd Door from Yonge Street.

DR. C. C. JOB, 74 Pembroke Street

Homeopathist and Medical Electrician

Asthma, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Diabetes, Uncinaria Pectoris, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all chronic difficult or obscure diseases.

LADIES—All displacements and enlargements of the womb cured. Treatment new and pleasant.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 501 Queen St. West, between Portland and Bathurst Sts. No witnesses required. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst St.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Court House, Adelaide Street

and 146 Carlton Street

BINGHAM'S TASTELESS EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL

Easily taken by invalids and children, and readily assimilated by the weakest stomach.

Physicians who have examined a sample now on exhibition under the microscope at

Bingham's Pharmacy, 100 Yonge St.

Pronounce it to be the finest extant.

Contains more Pure Cod Liver Oil than any other Emulsion on the market.

$1.00 SIZE, 75c.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

CORDINGLEY—Feb. 12, Mrs. A. Cordingley—a daughter.
DOWNES—Feb 21, Mrs. John Downes—a daughter.
GREENWOOD—Feb. 17, Mrs. Percy Greenwood—a daughter
MYERS—Feb 14, Mrs. W. C. Myers—a daughter.
JONES—Feb. 19, Mrs. Arthur Jones—a daughter.
TAYLOR—Feb. 17, Mrs. Henry Taylor—a son (stillborn).
McLACHLAN—Jan. 27, Mrs. A. F. McLachlan—a son.
CREELMAN—Feb. 14, Mrs. A. S. Creelman—a daughter.
COSGRAVE—Feb. 12, Mrs. L. Cosgrave—a daughter.
SIMPSON—Feb. 11, Mrs. William Simpson—a son.
PEMBERTON—Feb. 15, Mrs. W. Pemberton—a son.

Marriages.

GRAHAM—LeVALLE—Feb. 16, Wm. J. Graham to Clara LeValle.
LINDSAY—GRAHAM—Feb. 10, N. F. Lindsay to Jennie Graham.
VIDAL—TASCHEREAU—Feb. 10, R. H. Vidal to Beatrice Taschereau.
GIBB—STEPHEN—Feb. 10, Alfred Gibb to Margaret Stephen.
KETCHUM—CADMAN—Feb. 16, T. C. L. Ketchum to M. Cadman.
LOMAS—MORTSON—Feb. 10, J. W. Lomas to Minnie Mortson.
MANBY—JONES—Feb. 17, Cyril Manby to Mary Jones.
PRIDMORE—MILNE—Feb. 17, William Pridmore to Fanny Milne.
BRAY—FOSTER—At Norwood Place, Bowmanville, on Feb. 24, by Rev. E. Roberts of Cobourg, James Bray, M. D., 411 Parliament street, Toronto, and Miss Nellie, only daughter of John Foster, Esq.

Deaths.

GLASS—Feb. 16, Ray J. Glass, aged 27.
DOYLE—Feb. 16, Mary Doyle, aged 62.
LEADLEY—Feb. 10, Wm. Leadley, aged 26.
CRAIG—Feb. —, Robert Craig, aged 81.
FERGUSON—Feb. 21, Helen Ferguson, aged 19.
WOOLLARD—Feb. 11, Maggie Woollard.
HENNING—Feb. 20, Elizabeth Henning, aged 37.
McBRIEN—Feb. —, Maud McBrien.
McCRAE—Feb. 21, Thomas McCrae, aged 74.
MITCHELL—Feb. 22, Edward Mitchell, aged 51.
HARRIS—Feb. 14, Amelia J. Harris.
RAE—Feb. 12, Ellen Millicent Rae.
GLASS—Feb. 16, Charles H. Glass, aged 1.
PURSER—Feb. 13, Matthew Purser, aged 91.
ACKROW—Feb. 14, Jonathan Ackrow, aged 44.
KITTSON—Feb. 15, Ernest E. Kittson, aged 34.
MEADOWS—Feb. 13, Edward Meadows.
TAYLOR—Feb. 14, Elizabeth Taylor, aged 87.
SHAW—Feb. 15, Frederick C. Shaw, aged 44.
KENNEDY—Feb. 14, E. Kennedy, aged 26.
MACPHERSON—Feb. 15, Duncan Macpherson, aged 81.
NORRIS—Feb. 12, Alexander Norris, aged 62.
PIRRITE—Feb. 15, Rev. Wm. Pirritte, aged 62.
SINCLAIR—Feb. 15, John F. Sinclair, aged 2.

LIMOGES WHITE FRENCH CHINA

FOR DECORATING.

A. D. Coffee Cups and Saucers
Bread and Butter Plates
Salad Sets
Ice Cream Sets
Fish Services
Vases, Flower Pots, &c.

WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY

WILLIAM JUNOR

TELEPHONE 2177

109 King Street West, Toronto

Diamond Rings and Jewelry

See our stock of all the latest novelties suitable for

Christmas Presents

GEO. E. TROREY

Manufacturing Jeweler

61 King St. E., opp. Toronto St.

Cut this out and we will accept it as of One Dollar Cash on a purchase of $20 or over. Only one accepted on each purchase

MASON & RISCH PIANOFORTES

ARE THE INSTRUMENTS OF THE CULTURED.

32 King Street West - - - Toronto

Telephone to 1127

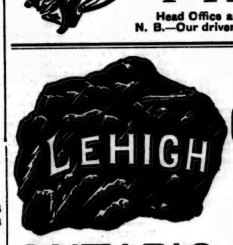
and have your laundry go to the

"PARISIAN"

Head Office and Works—67, 69 and 71 Adelaide Street West.

N. B.—Our drivers wear uniform cap with initials P. S. L.

BUY THE



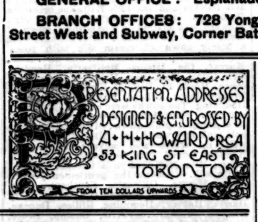
Celebrated Lehigh Valley COAL

FROM THE

ONTARIO COAL CO.

GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.

BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'v.



Raise The BIGGEST PONDEROSA TOMATO

AND BOTH

GLORY and PROFIT AWAIT YOU.

FOR WE WILL PAY

$500.00

FOR THE Heaviest Single Fruits OF PONDEROSA A TOMATO

so valuable that we paid $250 last year for the NAME alone when sold under the No. "400."

This year we think more of it than ever and to aid in making its merits still wider known we have doubled the amount of the money prizes.

NOW THEN FOR 1892 WE OFFER $500.00

for the heaviest single fruits raised from seeds of Ponderosa bought in 1892 in our sealed packets. Full details in Catalogue mentioned below, where also its fine qualities are told at length. It should be grown in

Every Garden in the Land

because the essential features of EARLINESS, SIZE, WEIGHT, COLOR, SOLIDITY and QUALITY, that make the ideal Tomato, this Ponderosa variety possesses in the superlative degree. Delicate persons will always prefer it because it is nearly seedless.

Price per packet 20c, 6 packets for $1, 12 packets for $1.75, 25 packets for $3.

DON'T FORGET, send FREE, our CATALOGUE of EVERYTHING for the GARDEN, (which alone costs us 25 cents) provided you will state where you saw this advertisement. This Catalogue of 190 pages is bound in illuminated covers, and is the largest and handsomest ever issued. It is replete with many engravings and colored plates of all that is new and desirable in SEEDS and PLANTS.

If Catalogue alone is wanted, we will mail it on receipt of 25 cts., which amount can be deducted on first order from Catalogue. Postage stamps accepted as cash.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.

35 & 37 Cortlandt Street, NEW YORK.

THREE Pozzoni's POINTS

COMPLEXION

POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.

THREE White, Flesh, Brunette POZZONI'S All Druggists Fancy Stores TINTS

THIS MONTH

As an assistance to reducing our stock we will during this month of December offer the whole of our large assortment of Brass Goods, in Fire Irons, Coal Hods, Umbrella Stands, Andirons, Lamps, etc., Jelly Moulds, Tongue Moulds, Agate Ware, Copper Ware and all other description of household necessities at a 25 per cent. discount. The stock is splendidly assorted and new. With this reduction off our already low prices there can be no question as to their being lower than ever before offered in this city. "Around the Corner" is already so well known that it is only necessary to make this intimation to ensure a call from every intending purchaser.

H. A. COLLINS & CO.

6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West

(Around the corner from Yonge St.)

OPP. GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Toronto Carpet Cleaning Co.

Office and Works, 44 Lombard St.

When you want your Carpets taken up, Cleaned or Layed; your Furniture Repaired, Mattresses Made Over, or Feathers Renovated,

Call up Telephone 2686

and you will receive prompt attention.

FREE DELIVERY

PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS.